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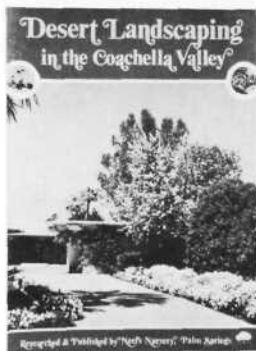
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MARCH, 1970

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THE COVER:

California's Mojave Desert will soon come alive with spring flowers and budding cacti as shown in the photograph of an earlier spring by David Muench, Santa Barbara.

ELTA SHIVELY, *Executive Secretary*

MARVEL BARRETT, *Circulation Manager*

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A Peek in the Publisher's Poke

THIS MONTH'S "Poke" is a hodge podge of items and closely resembles a pack rat's nest! How often have we heard the expression that "history repeats itself"? Well it just seems like that is the case with one of our featured articles this month. The story on the Pinacate mining district in Riverside County deals with a long-gone town and the history revolving around the mines of the area. Just recently the London Stock Exchange listed a mine in the area and stock rose

at an alarming rate apparently due to a "gold strike" of some magnitude. Secrecy shrouds the whole area right now and guards are posted and *positively* no trespassers. Meanwhile, the British Security Exchange Commission has suspended sale of stock pending further investigation of the mine's potential. So-o-o we just may have a real "scoop" of sorts and at the very least a most timely story.

Since the subscription list was computerized last summer we have had many queries as to the meaning of the line on the top of the label and many readers are unable to determine when their subscription expires. Let me try briefly to explain the mystic coding, using my own label as an example. The first figures on the top line indicate the date the order was processed, in this case 1969, the 5th month and the 1st batch of documents to be processed (There can be as many as 9 batches in one month). Next, the DX is our identification letters for the computer so there will be no chance of confusing us with various other publications being processed at the same data processing center. The KNYV are the first four letters of the subscriber's last name and the number immediately following designates how many more letters (if any) in that name. Then appears four characters, not necessarily numbers, of the subscriber's address and these are followed by the first three letters of your first name. The two little + signs denote characters not used, although in some instances they will be taken up. There are variations on this "key-line" as it is called with a C denoting a Christmas gift and a D designating a Donor and an R for the Recipient which just about covers the top line of the label. For those of you who are still with me, the rest of the label is self-explanatory except, that on the right-hand side of line two appears the expiration date, the year first, followed by the month. As you can see I expired with the January issue, which I just about did when ALL those Christmas gift subscriptions flooded in! One more item before we leave the label, it is extremely important, financially, that any change of address or question regarding your subscription be accompanied by the label with the all-important keyline. During the Christmas rush many Donors got their list to us too late to be included in the January label printing consequently some subscribers received the February issue before the January. Please allow FIVE weeks for changes of address and my apologies to those of you who were "missed" in January.

In these modern times the term "tuned in and turned on" are usually applied to the young generation but these terms very aptly describe the hordes of treasure hunters, armed with their electronic detectors that are scurrying around the Old West finding rusty nails, old mule shoes and "treasure". One of the biggest advocates of this new breed of outdoor followers is John Pounds who publishes the *Treasure Hunter* magazine and has given Desert some very fine compliments. For more on Johnny read the article on page 16. I think I detected the editor's sense of humor.

William Kuyper

Rambling on Rocks

by Glenn and Martha Vargas

IN OUR January column, we defined a geode as a hollow rock, formed under certain conditions. A nodule was defined as a rock formed under like conditions, that became entirely filled. These are the two extremes, with many degrees of "hollowness" between. We shall tend to ignore these, and confine our discussion to the entirely-filled or virtually-filled nodule.

True nodules can be found in all situations in which geodes are found and intermingled with them. Most of the geode beds of the desert regions contain a variable percentage of nodules. Some beds, such as those at the famous Priday Ranch of Oregon, contain typical nodules covered with a rock shell and almost no geodes.

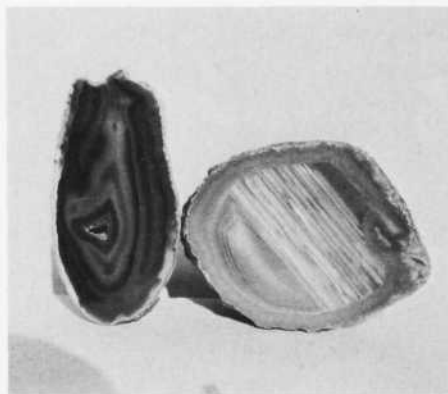
Let us assume that we have a hollow mudball as described in our January column on geodes. Even though the volcano that had deposited the mudballs had stopped erupting, there was still a large amount of heat deep in the earth that was still being dissipated upward. This heat could easily flow through the ash bed and its enclosed mudballs. The heat being released from the molten mass below is usually in the form of vaporized minerals, or super-heated steam. The former will rise until they have cooled to the point where the minerals will cease being vapors, and precipitate out in one or more of the usual mineral forms. The steam has the potential of dissolving many minerals and then transporting them upward as a solution, and depositing them upon cooling.

The minerals quartz and calcite are two of the most common to be found in the earth's crust, and both are readily

dissolved in super-heated steam. Thus it would be expected that practically all solutions as described above would contain large amounts of quartz and/or calcite. At the same time, there could be many others minerals also in the same solution, and these could easily be deposited as impurities in the main mineral being deposited. These impurities could be only traces, offering a certain color, or they may be in quantities large enough to form crystals within the main mass.

Agate is really only quartz with varying degrees of impurities, so the state is now set for the filling of a hollow to make an agate nodule, with varying degrees of color pattern.

If conditions are correct, the hollow will attract these cooling vapors, causing them to precipitate on the walls, just as water condenses on the inner walls of a bottle. Under certain conditions the minerals are laid down in rings layer upon layer, conforming to the shape of the cavity. The Brazilian nodule pictured on the left shows this type, known as fortification agate.



A different situation may force the agate to lie in the bottom of the cavity in a sort of puddle. Repetitive puddling will result in the formation of a banded agate. The Oregon nodule pictured on the right is a combination of the two types; fortification on the outer portion, and banded in the inner portion. Obviously the conditions here changed at one point, allowing the change in deposition.

If an opening to the outside remains throughout the process, allowing a channel for new material to enter, the nodule will fill entirely. The Brazilian specimen shows this channel. If the channel becomes blocked sometime during the process, a hollow of some size remains, leav-

ing us with the argument as to whether it is a nodule or geode!

The two examples pictured are nodules that were found not in an ash bed as discussed previously, but are the result of the filling of a gas bubble in lava. The filling process is very similar, the access to the opening is different. In this case, the volcano ejected copious amounts of lava, instead of volcanic ash. The lava was quite thick, already partially cooled, and filled with large amounts of gasses. The gasses collect into bubbles, but the high viscosity of the lava prevents escape. The size of the bubbles may be almost invisible pin-head size up to a foot or more in diameter. Most are about three to five inches in maximum dimension. When the lava cooled, the stage was again set for the filling process. It must be remembered that a lava filled with bubbles is very porous, and its texture is much like volcanic ash. Actually, all lavas (and for that matter, most rocks) are porous in varying degrees. It is then a simple matter for vapors to rise through almost any rock and find a way into the bubbles.

If we digress a moment and go back to the gas bubbles at the time of solidification of the lava, we find that an interesting mineral growth sometimes takes place. At the time of cooling of the lava, there are minerals in the vapor form locked in the lava, or present in the gasses in the bubbles. Most of these precipitate into a group of minerals known as the zeolites. The zeolites are usually characterized as forming into slender needle-like crystals. Many times these are in the form of radiating sprays or bundles. The most logical place for these sprays to form is on the walls of the bubbles. When the agate or calcite infiltrates, the spray of crystals is enclosed, and we have what is known as sagenite.

Regardless of whether our nodule is formed with or without a rock shell or whether it has an almost infinitesimal hollow or one almost 50% of its diameter, it may be very beautiful. It may warrant the simple act of slicing and polishing flat as shown; or it may be cut into thin slices and fashioned into gems. Who really cares whether it is a geode or nodule? All that really matters is that it is beautiful, and that we understand at least part of the story of how it was formed. □



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Book Reviews

by Jack Pepper

OUT FROM LAS VEGAS

By Florine Lawlor

with Photos by Jackie Buck

The gambling casinos, neon lights and sequin-covered chorus girls of Las Vegas are not the only things that glitter in Southern Nevada. There is glittering Lake Mead, one of the largest man-made lakes in the world, and there are the colorful surrounding deserts and mountains which provide excellent camping and recreational opportunities for family explorers.

Under the guidance of veteran Russell "Buster" Wilson, Florine Lawlor and Jackie Buck have been traveling these back country trails for years. This book is a result of their travels and research. A

frequent contributor to DESERT, the author describes the area:

"Set against an azure sky, the craggy mountains conceal ghosts of many an unknown mining camp. Yawning canyons spew forth minerals and ores worth a king's ransom. The swirling winds carry tales of lost and hidden caches that have spurred mens' interest for years."

Some of the 11 trips (shown on a map) may be made in a passenger car, others require back country vehicles. All are only a one day excursion from Las Vegas. Paperback, illustrated, 36 pages, \$1.00.

HOST WITH THE BIG HAT

By Erle Stanley Gardner

The world's best selling mystery writer delves into the archeological riddle of primitive figurines found in a remote village in his latest book on his travels through Mexico. An article on the controversial discovery was first published in the October, 1969 issue of Desert Magazine.

In his new book, Gardner tells how he first became interested in the mystery many years ago then describes his recent trip to the village of Acambaro where he saw the figurines for the first time. In a detailed and vivid account he describes his midnight visit to a building that houses the more than 32,000 figurines.

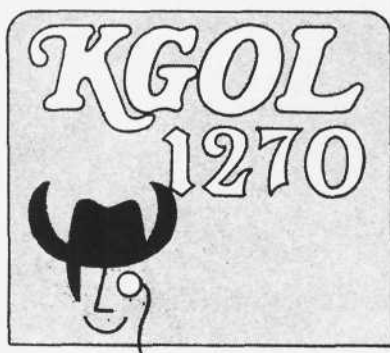
Since they depict prehistoric animals and exotic figures which would not be familiar to Mexican villagers and yet were dug up from around the village, the enigma is who made them and when? Unlike his Perry Mason books, the author does not solve the mystery since the riddle of the figurines is still an archeological controversy. He lets the reader be the judge.

The other two-thirds of *Host With A Big Hat* is devoted to the author's railroad trip through Mexico as a guest of the Mexican government. During his travels he introduces the reader to well-known government leaders and describes the gracious and warm hospitality of the Mexican people. This is his seventh book on Mexico and Baja California. Hardcover, profusely illustrated, 247 pages, \$7.95.

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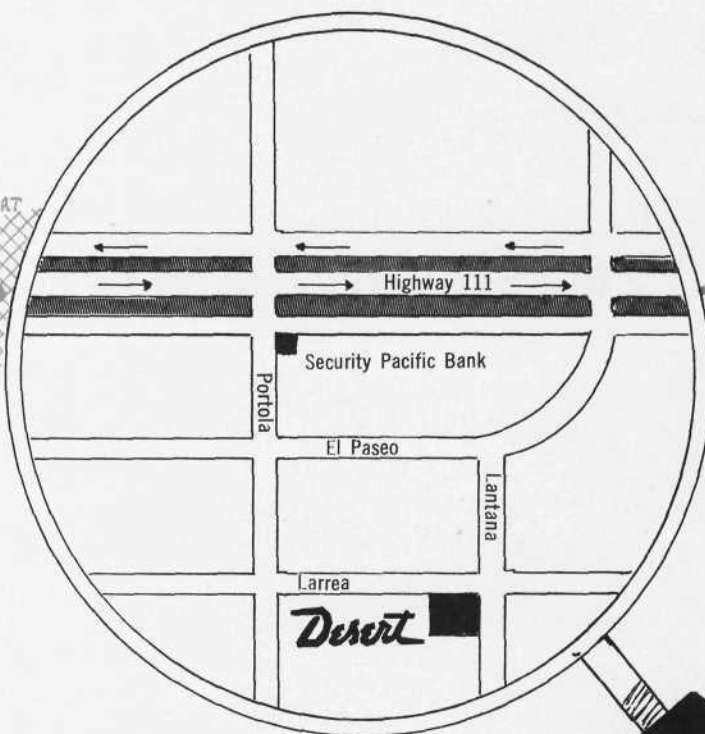
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HAPPINESS is... A Hiking Hound

by Betty J. Tucker



HAVE YOU ever noticed how your dog knows when you are getting ready to go on a camping trip? He watches you carry things out of the house and recognizes the delicious outdoor aroma of the sleeping bag, pack and hiking boots. His tail waggles and his eyes give you that imploring look. So take him along, for heavens sake, but be sure you do those few little extra things to insure his well being.

For instance, our long-haired Dachshund, Brandy, is usually the first one ready to go. He loves the desert as we do. His long sniffy nose checks out all the fascinating burrows under the creosote, sage and other desert plants. He has a live and let live philosophy which is rather unusual in a dog bred for burrowing.

Very seldom does he deign to dig. The ground squirrels zip past him as he snoozes and he merely opens an eye and looks at them. Jack rabbits interest him briefly as he seems to realize his short stocky legs are at disadvantage when matched against the long furry hoppers. But don't let this mislead you—he is

a willing and eager hiker and your dog probably is too.

Brandy is also a dyed-in-the-wool rockhound. Like the ever present burro who has been credited with the finding of many mines, our Brandy has led us to some lovely rock samples by stopping and glaring when he wanted a drink. During these enforced rest periods my husband and I search for interesting outcroppings, old mine shaft or just stare at the ground and read the history of the earth. It is also a good time for the photographer to do his thing.

But be warned beforehand that taking your pet into the desert is risky business. If your pet has a tendency to roam you had better leave him at home. One night alone on the desert is almost sure death to the unsuspecting friendly pet. He would be an easy meal for the carnivorous coyote.

Packing for your dogs comfort is easy and takes up little space. A nice warm sweater would be appreciated by the "short hair" on those cold desert nights. Aside from that there is little difference in things needed for all dogs.

As a remedy for "cactus in the hair" a small pair of pliers have been added to our list of requirements to carry along when we hike. They are handy for removing the little spines and insure the safety of our fingers.

Another thing that goes into our pack is a plastic bowl and an extra canteen of water. Brandy doesn't usually drink a whole bowl of water a day when we are at home but on a desert hike he can go through a quart of water in four miles.

Tweezers are a handy item to include also. Unlike the wildcat whose pads are furry or the coyote with his toughened paws from living in a rock strewn area, our domestic friends have soft paws. The tiny cactus burrs that blow away from the mother plant and defy the most careful pet owner from spotting them, will get into their pads and then the dog must have them removed at once before they break off and cause real pain.

We once tried to make hiking boots for Brandy out of old moccasins but the cactus knows no barriers and went right through the soft leather. Besides, he was rather indignant about the whole thing. I understand they do make and



market boots for doggies but somehow I have a feeling that any dog who would wear them wouldn't be caught dead on a hike anyway. I think they are more for the motel variety instead of the under-the-stars dog.

A dog brush doesn't take up much space and energetic use of it when you get back to camp removes excess desert flotsam. This will keep your camping equipment cleaner also as our little hiking pals sometimes look as if they are close friends with the "dust devils."

Brandy has gotten desert-wise after several brushes with the cholla but he still doesn't comprehend the barrel cactus. Our last trip up in the Providence Mountains between Kelso and Cima was the first he had encountered them. They looked just like a tree to him and only a judicious pull on his tail prevented untold disaster to his manhood.

A little care and watchfulness until your pet learns the desert ways will more than repay you when you sit around the campfire under the star-studded sky and a friendly warm muzzle creeps into your hand thanking you for sharing life with him. □

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Riverside County.*

PINACATE, COLOR IT GONE!

by Mike Engle



ON THE valley plains and deep in the boulder studded Gavilan Hills of Riverside County are the vestiges of an exciting past. Today's motorist may visit the last remaining building of a vanished ghost town of the 1800s, an idle gold mine and mill whose production was estimated at \$2,000,000. He may view the sites of California's first and most important tin discovery and the county's most productive coal mine.

Deep in the interior foothills and along the dry washes, the hiker will find signs of early Indian history as well as the stone arrastras that mark the past activities of Mexican miners.

There are many old legends of immensely rich mines which were said to have existed for many years in the area. Late in the 1870s, miners who had been working in this area recalled having seen the remains of an old Mexican arrastra; growing from the center of it was an elder tree with a trunk 12 inches in diameter.

Peter Beaudry and A. F. Judson, respected citizens of Los Angeles, stumbled across an abandoned shaft one night in

1883. After filing notice of their find, Judson returned with five men to investigate the shaft. An astonishing discovery was made. The shaft was about eight feet square and found to be completely encased with rich gold bearing quartz. At a depth of 16 feet, they unearthed the skeleton of a human being which had evidently lain there for a long period of time.

In an area that today is bounded on the east and west by U.S. 395 and State 71, and on the north and south by Cajalco and Railroad Canyon Roads, lay the mining districts of Gavilan, Menifee, Pinacate, and Temescal. In the early 1800s, all were served by the budding town and rail station of Pinacate. Early miners, noting the abundance of black beetles in the area, had given the new town the Spanish name of the common stink bug.

By March of 1881, a townsite had been laid with more than 90 residents. A small rock-walled dugout store was reported to be the first business establishment in the new town. Today, on the grounds of the Orange Empire Trolley

Museum, just south of Perris, California, can be found a small ten by twelve foot dugout building believed, by local historians, to be this first store. It is the last remaining evidence of the town of Pinacate.

A letter to the San Bernardino Times in December 1881 reported of Pinacate: "There are four or five families here, one store, postoffice, hotel, two boarding houses—Mr. John Lawshe & Co's, where they board their men, is as well provided for and as neatly kept as any hotel or private house in San Bernardino. Everything that the market affords that is good and wholesome, is prepared and set before their men in abundance."

In 1882, the California Southern Railway joined the city of San Diego, first with Colton, and shortly thereafter with San Bernardino. The tracks passed within a mile of the mining town. Pinacate "station," consisting of a solitary box car parked on a siding, became a regular stop on the route. Soon there were several more business establishments and the postoffice was serving over 150 people.

During the final six months of 1884, more than 18 new houses had been built at Pinacate. Early in January of 1885, the town was reported to have two stores, a blacksmith and wagon shop, livery stable, saloon, and a photographic gallery was soon to be ready for business. A good school was already serving the needs of the several families in Pinacate and an additional \$1800 had been voted to build a new and larger school house.

Continued on page 34

These foundations and an adjacent mine shaft are silent vestiges of the days when Pinacate produced more than \$2,000,000 in gold.



COLORADO RIVER GOLD

THE SECTION of the Colorado River that flows between Arizona and Nevada is a golden sluice box. The erosion that carved the Grand Canyon also uncovered numberless deposits of the precious metal, which was carried downstream with other detritus and ultimately came to rest in gravel bars along the 150 mile stretch of barren canyon country between Pierce's Ferry and Bullhead City. Modern highways on both sides of the river offer easy access today to areas that were considered the ends of the earth as little as 30 years ago.

When prospectors invaded the area from the declining Mother Lode region during the middle and late 1850s, the presence of placer gold in the banks of the Colorado was discovered. However, the amounts were small and the problem of bringing equipment to the deposits was then impossible. For 40 years the only work done in the Colorado placers was by Indians working spasmodically for bean money, or prospectors down on their luck trying to make a stake to get back to

civilization. An occasional weekend prospector or old-timer still sets up his sluice or dry washer near the good fishing camp at Willow Springs.

This situation was radically altered in the spring of 1897. Kingman (Arizona) mining promoters incorporated the Temple Bar Consolidated Mining Company and sold large amounts of stock to eastern investors. At that time, the Colorado River was the center of the hottest mining area in the western United States. Delamar, Nevada, was in full swing and produced over a million dollars per annum from an area that had been ignored for 50 years by the mining fraternity. Searchlight had been recently located and was sending shipments of exceptionally high-grade "jewelry" ore to the smelter in Needles. Conditions in the desert were ripe for obtaining investment capital for mining promotions.

The reason working the placer deposits of the Colorado River was practical in 1897 was due to the technological revolution that had occurred in mining equip-

by
**John
Townley**

ment during the last half of the 19th century. Mineral deposits in the American West and other parts of the world had been located in the remote areas. To work those deposits in any volume required portable equipment. Machines were replacing manual labor and doing the job quicker and cheaper. The steam engine was applied to mining and refined into a compact unit that could be dismantled for easy shipment to remote areas. And, if one word could describe Temple Bar in 1897, that word was remote. The nearest settlement was White Hills, a tiny tent and shack mining camp, 30 miles to the south.

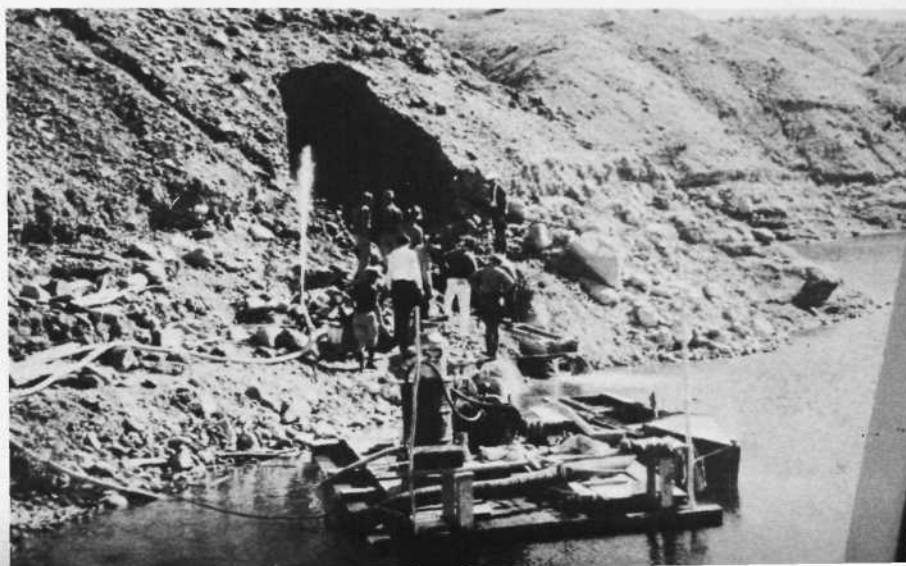




In 1898, The Tennessee Mine (left) near Chloride, Arizona, shipped a carload of ore a day. During the 1890's, steamboats (below) pulled barges up and down the Colorado River. Employees of the Temple Bar Company (lower photo) used small floats to test the gravel banks.



The placer claims at Temple Bar were purchased earlier and consisted of an area over two miles long on either side of the river, extending almost a half mile back on each bank. The first consideration of the Company was to provide access into the site. A wagon road was built from White Hills during the winter of 1897 and a telephone line from Kingman laid along the road. The main offices of the Company were located in Kingman. Once it was possible to bring equipment into the camp, materials necessary to build a boom across the river were ordered and freighted to Temple Bar from the railhead at Kingman. The pur-



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An old sternwheeler plying the Colorado River in the 1800's.

pose of the boom was to catch driftwood floating down the river and bring it to shore for fuel.

The Colorado River had served as the prime source of fuel for mining camps and settlers ever since its banks were occupied by white men. Since the surrounding deserts had no more reliable fuel than sagebrush or cow chips, driftwood was valuable. The Southwestern Mining Company of El Dorado Canyon, near Nelson, Nevada, built a special flat-bottomed barge for snagging driftwood. Paiute Indians were employed in sniping wood from the river. The Company's mill could only run when enough fuel was gathered to fire the boiler for several weeks. Some years the mill did not operate due to a shortage of fuel. To haul coal from Kingman or Needles would have been prohibitive. Daniel Bonelli, a pioneer settler at the junction of the Colorado and Virgin Rivers, once estimated over a half-million cords of driftwood came down the Colorado in each spring runoff. This was the busy season and

contracts were let by mining companies to individuals to secure a stipulated number of cords at a pre-determined price. So, during the spring, it was not unusual to see numbers of barges and flatboats loading driftwood from Pierce's Ferry to below El Dorado Canyon. If there were ever a Nevada Navy, this armada should be considered the ancestor.

The first boom put across the river by the Temple Bar Company consisted of a log chain supported on large timbers. Driftwood hit the chain, then by the force of the current was nudged to shore. The boom was set at an angle of 45 degrees so the current would quickly force the logs into eddy water along the bank. The aim of the Company was to collect a minimum of 25,000 cords so that they could have a three-month supply available for the boilers.

Starting in early 1898, the Company decided to build three large log caissons along the boom. Each would be a hollow square of logs, loaded with over a million pounds of rock each. The boom would be suspended between these piers and pile-up or breakage such as had been experienced the previous year would be prevented. A new 1 1/2-inch cable was suspended and a ferryboat operated along the cable. The ferry was needed to haul

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the pumping equipment to the Nevada side where it was installed beside a series of gravel banks chosen as the site of the first sluicing operation.

By the time the spring runoff began in 1898, the high pressure pumping equipment was ready. Four separate boilers, of 75 horsepower capacity, were connected to a 300 horsepower engine. The engine powered a 30-inch suction pump and an electric light plant. It was planned to withdraw water from the river and direct it onto the gravels through an outlet. This was a nozzle not too different from the ordinary garden variety, except that the volume and pressure of the water passing through the nozzle were considerably higher. The banks would be gradually eaten away by the force of the water and the material would fall into long sluice boxes containing riffles in the bottom to catch the flakes of gold. Eventually, the sluices would dump the material back into the river.

The first order of business in 1898 was to secure enough firewood to heat the boilers enough to energize the pump. When the winter snows began to thaw, everything was prepared at the boom. At first, the process functioned perfectly. Several hundred cords were collected and pulled onto the bank by a small donkey engine. However, as the current increased, logs caught by the boom would not move toward shore. Undercurrents dragged the wood under the boom and the log would reappear on the downstream side, floating serenely toward the Gulf of California. After keeping their 75-man crew busy through most of April and May with new schemes to catch the driftwood, the Company decided to forget that idea and ship coal by rail to Kingman and then to Temple Bar by wagon. Even at a cost of \$28 per ton, it was realized that a reliable source of fuel was necessary.

While the coal was being delivered to Temple Bar during the summer of 1898, the directors decided to survey a railroad route from Kingman to Temple Bar. This would reduce the freight cost of coal and perhaps make a profit from hauling ore from the Wallapai district and White Hills. By November 10, 1898, the *Pioche Weekly Record* was reporting that 25 miles of track had been stacked in Kingman awaiting the decision to begin construction. By the June 6, 1899, issue, the railroad was reported to have 20 miles of

grade completed and two miles of track laid. Rumor in Kingman insisted that the line was to be extended across the river and then north to Salt Lake City to join the Union Pacific.

By October 1898, enough coal and wood had been delivered to Temple Bar to permit a month's test of the pumps. Soon afterward, the equipment was fired up for the first time. The test run was satisfactory and the gold recovery better than expected. Following the run, the work force was reduced until the following spring, when it was hoped to recover sufficient wood for a 90-day period of activity. Regrettably, the chance for full-scale production never came. Problems with driftwood again consumed most of the summer and, by this time, the eastern investors were complaining to the directors that all they received were excuses, not dividends. Money in the treasury came to an end and no additional financing was possible. By the fall of 1899, silence again came to the Colorado canyons.

Later attempts at placer mining along the Colorado proved that distribution of the placers is widespread. Today, weekend SCUBA enthusiasts use small floating dredges to work the bars. Gravel banks above the surface of Lake Mead and Lake Mohave are often sampled by dry washers. There may not be many ounces of bullion recovered, but the Colorado district is certainly not dead. □

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DEXTEROUS DEMONSTRATE

During the treasure hunt, contestants searched for 1300 secretly buried coins. From left to right, Beverly Dorrel looks for pay dirt; Dick Lyons checks his new Fisher Metalert; Jerry Withey, first prize winner, displays coin found with his Kovacs Detector.

The winners and their prizes are, left to right, Jerry Withey, Don Pepper, Mona Ashburn and Howard Garr. Delegates also won many door prizes.

After covering the recent Second Annual Treasure Hunters and Prospectors Convention, I have decided metal detector demons are delightfully daffy and defy dogmatic description.

By that I mean these demons (not the evil variety but rather the skilled type) are mentally adjusted and tuned in on a healthy and happy way of living.

Sponsored by the Prospector's Club of Southern California, the outing was held at Burton's Tropico Gold Mine and Camp near Rosamond, California. For two days and nights approximately 800 devoted and sleepless delegates discussed metal detectors and treasure hunting. Main event was a four-hour treasure hunt in which 56 contestants search for 1300 coins hidden the night before. The prizes? Naturally, new metal detectors.

To coin a phrase, these people are ding-a-ling over detectors. To





DELEGATES DETECTORS

by
Jack Pepper

keep you from looking that one up in your Funk & Wagnalls, ding-a-ling means a "screwball (one who hears bells in his head)." And "screwball" is defined as "an unconventional or erratic person."

This description fits detector devotees to a T. They hear buzzing and bells in their heads when their detector earphones react to a treasure underground; they wander erratically as they detect from one area to another; and they are unconventional in that they share their treasure finding "secrets" with other members of the clan.

So when your problems seem insurmountable; when the noise of the city and the fumes of the freeway traffic dull your senses; when you fail to get that pay raise and the bills keep coming in; when you toss and turn at night and feel the world is stacked against you, don't go to your psychiatrist—get yourself a detector and join the delightfully daffy!

Johnny Pounds (right) editor of The Treasure Hunter, reads Art Lassagne's Metal Detector Handbook while Art checks Johnny's popular magazine.

Restricted to the area during the four-hour search, contestants kept busy with their buzzing business. Left to right, Larry Hoover holds trowel and White's Coin Master; Tom Davison gets a sound with his Goldak Detector; Mona Ashburn is aided in search by her dog, Pee Wee.





Wild Burros of the Desert

by Robert Childers

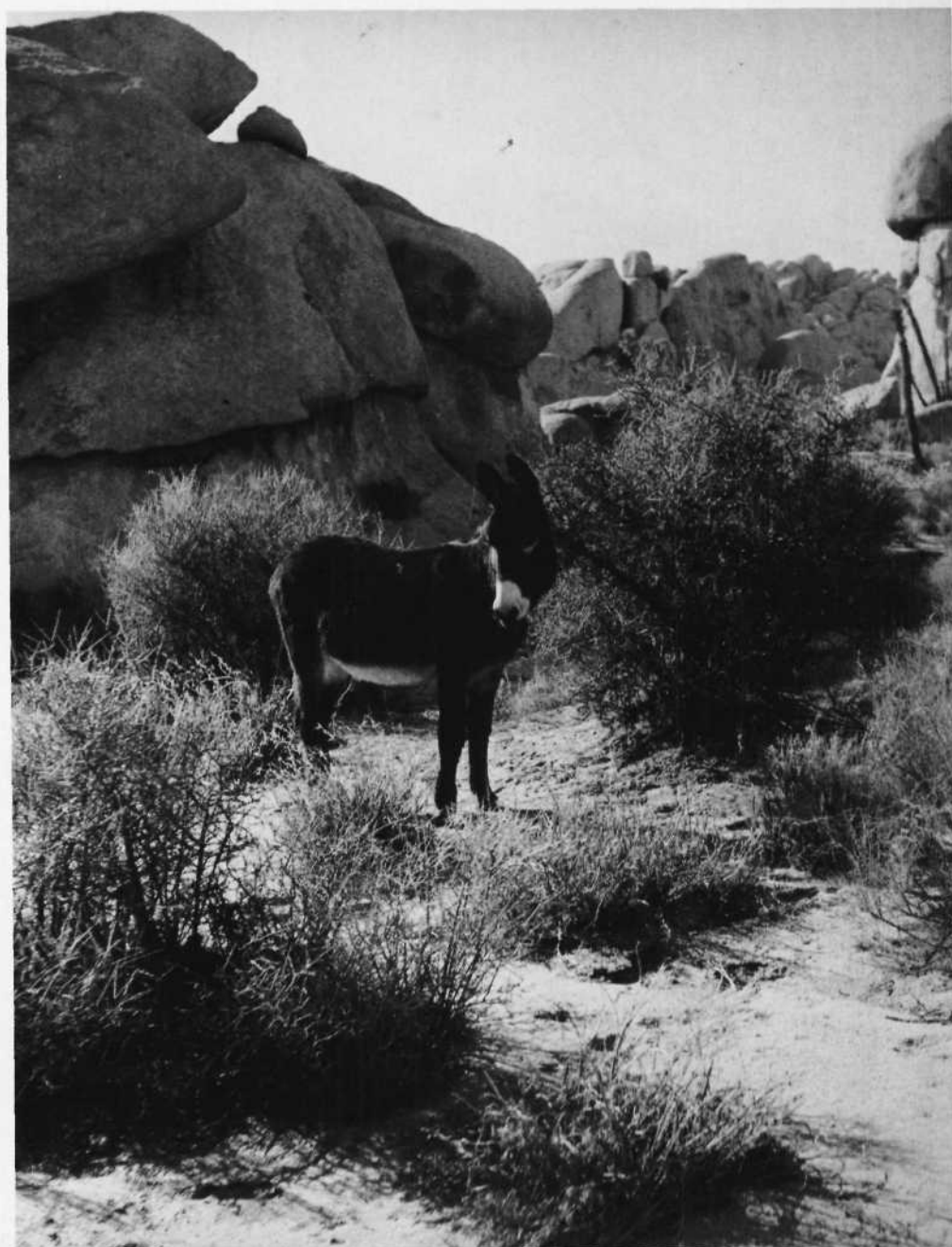
ELUSIVE, AND almost king of his domain, the wild burro of the California desert country is attractive and friendly. He is also a serious despoiler of the land on which he roams.

Travelers in remote sections of California sometimes are startled while enjoying the lonely serenity of their surrounding by suddenly realizing they are being cautiously observed by creatures they did not even know to be a part of their environment. Blended perfectly into the surrounding landscape, the wild burro is more often than not simply passed by and observed, if at all, as a kind of apparition, or a bit of brush.

The creature is real enough, and in some areas he's a downright nuisance! During my many trips into the desert to care for cattle and property, I'm amazed to see just how much of a problem some of these attractive, friendly animals can become. I've seen desert watering spots, cooperatively used by cattle and all manner of wildlife, turned into useless mud holes. I've seen water pipes, troughs, and even buildings torn up. The old jacks can get pretty frisky, especially with their lady loves in the audience!

At night, and sometimes during the

Photo of the inquisitive critter (left) was taken by Nell Murbarger, pioneer ghost town writer and author of many books on the West. Black burro (right) was discovered in his natural habitat by Ellis Finkle, Los Angeles.



day, the jacks, the jennies and the colts descend upon these watering spots and virtually take over. Occasionally, they'll even pounce upon young calves, killing them. These fascinating, diminutive, equine-like creatures can be mighty cantankerous and destructive, in spite of their historic value to mankind.

Destruction is not limited to improvements, either. While I'm sure the burros don't plan it that way, if they are in any appreciable numbers, they can be very rough on good rangeland. They prefer certain range grasses, but if these are in short supply, they'll eat nearly anything else and trample and destroy what they don't eat. The result can be a totally destroyed rangeland—nearly useless for years to come. Remember, too, besides the commercial use of this land, the burro's range is the home of native big horn sheep, quail, other birds, all kinds of mammals and game, and reptiles. The innocent appearing little burro does certainly assert himself in a most influential

manner. Perhaps he really is king of his domain.

Now, as much of a nuisance as these little critters are, they're interesting and entertaining and useful in many ways. They make fine pets, and there is a lot of work that seems to have been created just for them.

The original stock came from the arid country of northeastern Africa, where the animals had superbly adapted themselves to skimpy water supplies and lean rations.

Early Spanish explorers brought these sturdy animals with them to North America. Prospectors put the "mountain canaries" to extensive use in our western country in the late nineteenth century. Shepherders found them of almost inestimable value as they moved vast flocks of sheep through all kinds of rugged country. Many of these burros eventually turned wild and set up family housekeeping that has led to the wild burro population in California today.

The most recent serious attempt to obtain an accurate count of burros in California was made in 1961. At that time, the estimate was a total population of 2700 to 3700 animals. These are principally found in 17 isolated areas within the state. The two largest concentrations are fairly close together, one being in the Kelso area of eastern San Bernardino County and the other in the Panamint Mountains of Inyo and San Bernardino Counties.

It is in the Kelso area that I've had most of my experience with wild burros. This area includes part or all of the Providence, New York, Castle, Piute, Ivanpah, Kelso, Granite and Old Dad mountains. The tiny Union Pacific Railroad village of Kelso is located in the heart of this vast country, about 38 miles south of Baker and about 39 miles north of Amboy. It's fine range country, important to cattle, sheep, abundant wildlife of all kinds, and to "his royal highness," the wild burro.

Burros usually travel in groups in search of food and watering places. Naturally curious, they will walk away from an intruder for a short distance and then stop and stare before moving away.





Standing his ground, this burro on the shore of Lake Mead allowed Editor Jack Pepper to come within a few yards before heading for other burros which had gone behind the bushes. Burros in more isolated areas seem to be less afraid than those in populated regions.

About the only natural enemy of the wild burro is the mountain lion. There are not many of these to be found in his habitat. In quite a real sense, he can almost qualify as the king of his domain.

Time after time, I've seen an old jack, with his jenny and junior in tow, eyeing me from the supposed protection of a clump of creosote or a large Joshua tree. I've chased them away from many a watering hole, or spring, or cleared them out of cattle pens.

For some years it was open season on burros. Then along came those people who delight in killing anything that moves—including cattle and sheep. These irresponsible people could easily have driven the little burro into total extinction in just a few years, if they had not been prevented from doing so.

It is now forbidden by law to kill, wound, capture or possess a wild burro. There are two small exceptions. A landowner who suffers too much damage from wild burros can obtain a special killing permit. Also, a limited number

of permits may be obtained each year to capture a wild burro for a pet, or for use as a beast of burden.

Over protection, of course, might conceivably again lead to problems. Burros have a high reproduction rate. They have a long breeding season and they breed every year. Although a jenny will bear only one colt per season, the lack of predator enemies (except for an occasional mountain lion), gives a youngster a splendid chance for survival. Considering that a burro's life span may be as long as 35 years, normal proliferation can become important.

The wild burro has found a home and he's here to stay—and with the blessing of most people. He should not be permitted to become a problem, but he certainly should be protected from extinction—the fate, or near fate, of so many of our animals and birds.

For the many desert dwellers and travelers, the little wild burro is fast becoming a solid part of our true "Western Americana" scene. □

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Mogollon Whispers ...Voices from the Past

by
Jack
Sheppard

*New Mexico's Mogollon was once
the center of a vast gold mining operation.*

Photo by Harold L. James.



NCE the center of a vast and productive mining area in western New Mexico, Mogollon today is a quiet town with only 15 residents living among the deserted buildings and mines which once produced fabulous amounts of gold, silver and copper.

The area's mining activity started in 1878 when James Cooney established Clairmont on Copper Creek. Seven years earlier, while on a mapping trip as a sergeant in the U. S. Army, Cooney had discovered a gold ledge, but kept his find secret until his discharge.

Building a stockade to protect themselves from the Apache Indians, Cooney's company mined and prospected for three years without serious trouble. Ironically, an Indian uprising in another area finally spread and Cooney and his partner were killed by Apaches.

After Cooney's death, his brother, Captain Michael Cooney, was a leader in developing the mining area until 1914 when he succumbed to exposure while looking for a new strike. The following is a description of Mogollon from the excellent book, *Ghost Towns of New Mexico* by Michael Jenkinson:*

"By 1911, Mogollon had an estimated two thousand population, and boasted seven restaurants, five stores, two hotels, a sawmill, a newspaper, and fourteen saloons . . . in the evenings the hills surrounding the town would glow red from the campfires of miners bivouacking or living in caves.

"Today, Clairmont and Cooney have been erased from the maps. Mogollon is a quiet town of about fifteen people, a single store which sells sardines and soda pop to an occasional outdoorsman heading to the Gila Wilderness Area, and a host of deserted buildings.

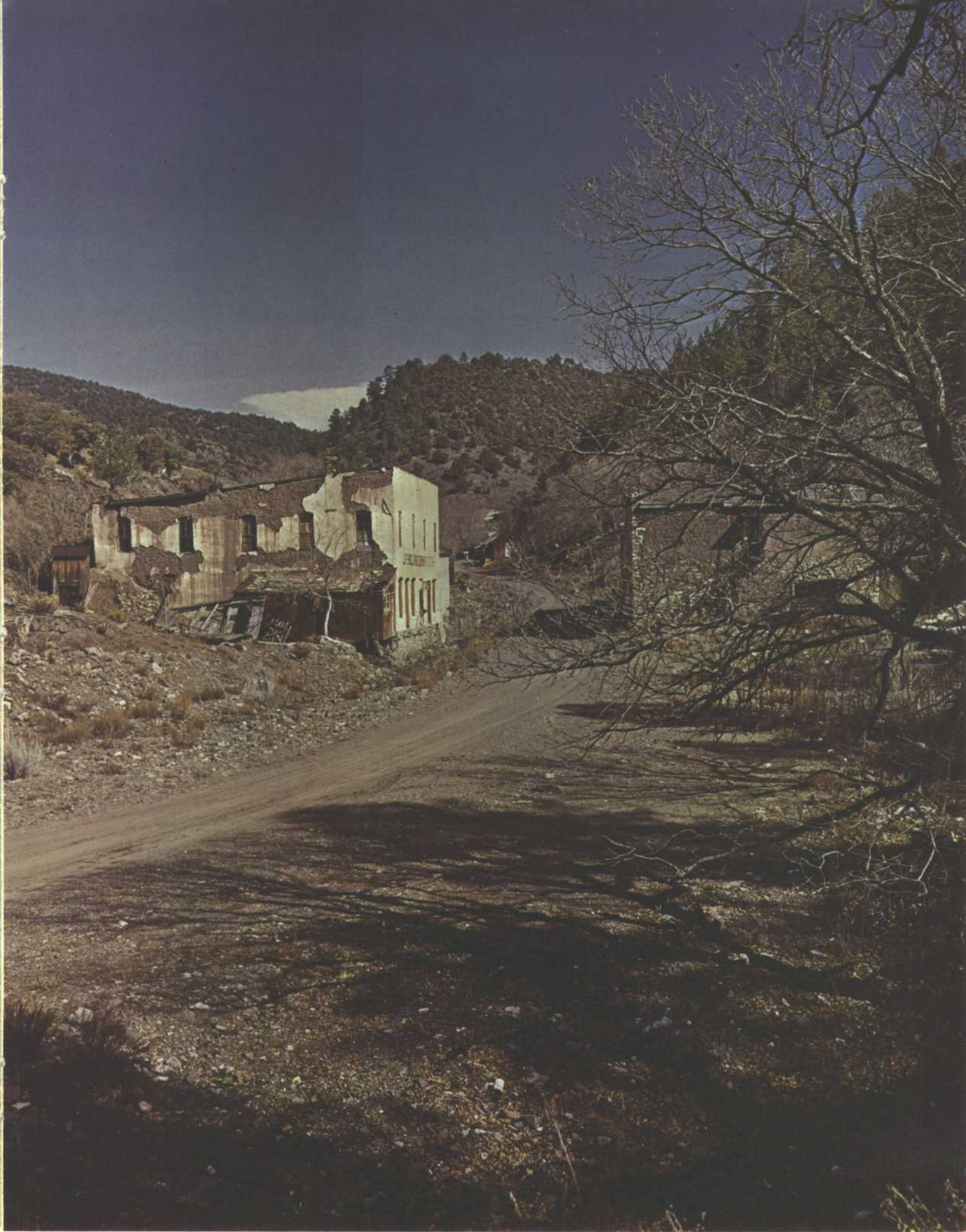
"Mogollon is most easily reached by an eight-mile gravel road which turns off U. S. Highway 260 (on the Arizona-New Mexico line) near Glenwood; a road that was first chopped out of the mountains with pick-and-shovel, convict labor in 1897. From the flat top of treeless Whitewater Mesa, the road twists up the steep mountainside through cactus, mesquite, and rabbit bush, all the while affording panoramic views of Frisco Valley.

"The first view of Mogollon is a row of deserted mine structures across the canyon, and the Little Fanny mine dump, a wide column of white tailings extending down the hillside to the creek . . . in the bottom of the canyon the remains of the business district stand silent along Silver Creek . . .

"Several side trips in the Mogollon area are of interest. From Alma, a town which was once headquarters for the Butch Cassidy gang, a five-mile road runs beside Mineral Creek, passes the Cooney tomb, and terminates at the narrow entrance to Cooney Canyon. The Needle, a great spire of sandstone, and the Needle's Eye, a rock window above it, tower above the trail into the spectacular canyon . . .

Today Mogollon and her sister mining communities are silent, but when you drive through the canyons and walk past the abandoned buildings, the whispers you hear are not from the wind—they are the voices from the past.

**Reviewed in the October '69 issue and available through
Desert Magazine Book Shop.*



APACHE "B**A**D M**E**DICINE"

by Ken Marquiss

DURING THE Depression in the winter of 1939, I hit pay dirt—three ways.

I landed an investigative job with the State of California at Blythe; became the big-chested father of a little blue-eyed, golden-curled angel daughter and heard second-hand a tale of gold in an Apache cave.

My work involved a lot of driving and I traded at an all-night gas station catering to the interstate trucking trade. I soon became good friends with a huge raw-boned, red-headed night station attendant, who, because of my odd hours, first thought I was bootlegging homemade juice or running wetbacks across the border.

Known up and down that part of Highway 60 as "Little Red," the former truck driver went to work at the station after losing his right arm in a car wreck. Watching him flip off a car tire with his big left paw and his padded right stub was something to see.

Late one Sunday night I pulled in to gas up, and to dilute a cup of his always available, spoon-eroding coffee. Things outside were quiet, and after he let me have the third spine-stiffening gulp he said, "If you really are not bootlegging,

what are you chasing around the desert for?"

I pulled a little blue Seltzer bottle of concentrate out of my jacket pocket and poured the contents on a sheet of newspaper. He scratched through it like an old Rhode Island Red hen with his big left forefinger and said, "You're pretty lucky, for a kid!"

"Uh- huh—I got a system."

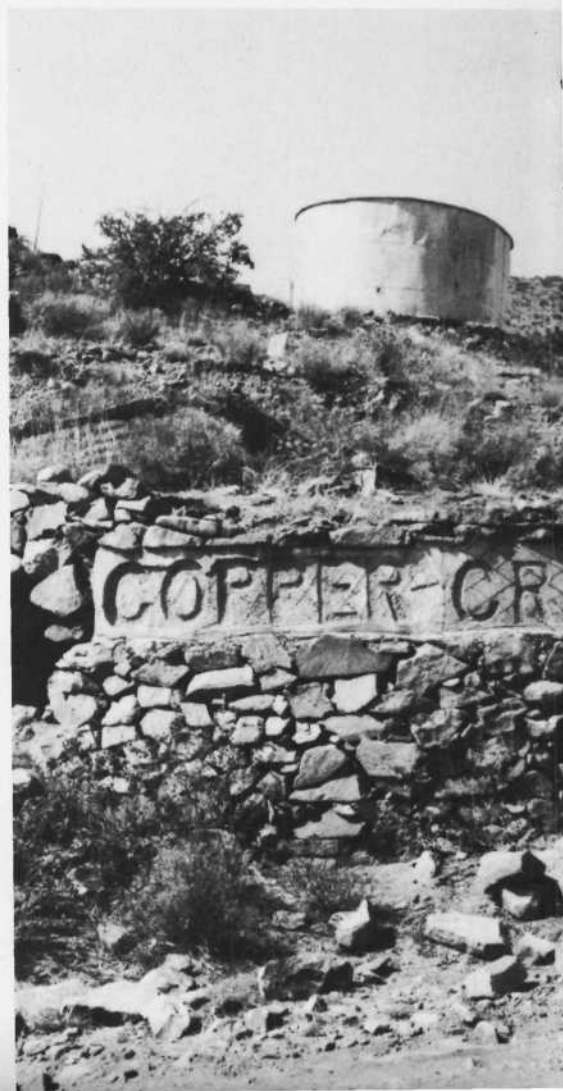
"Oh sure—the same as gamblers and horse bettors, I suppose."

"No. I look for 'hot spots' with a metal detector, and drywash where I get a good whistle. It isn't 100% accurate, but it helps."

"You got one of them things? Let me see it."

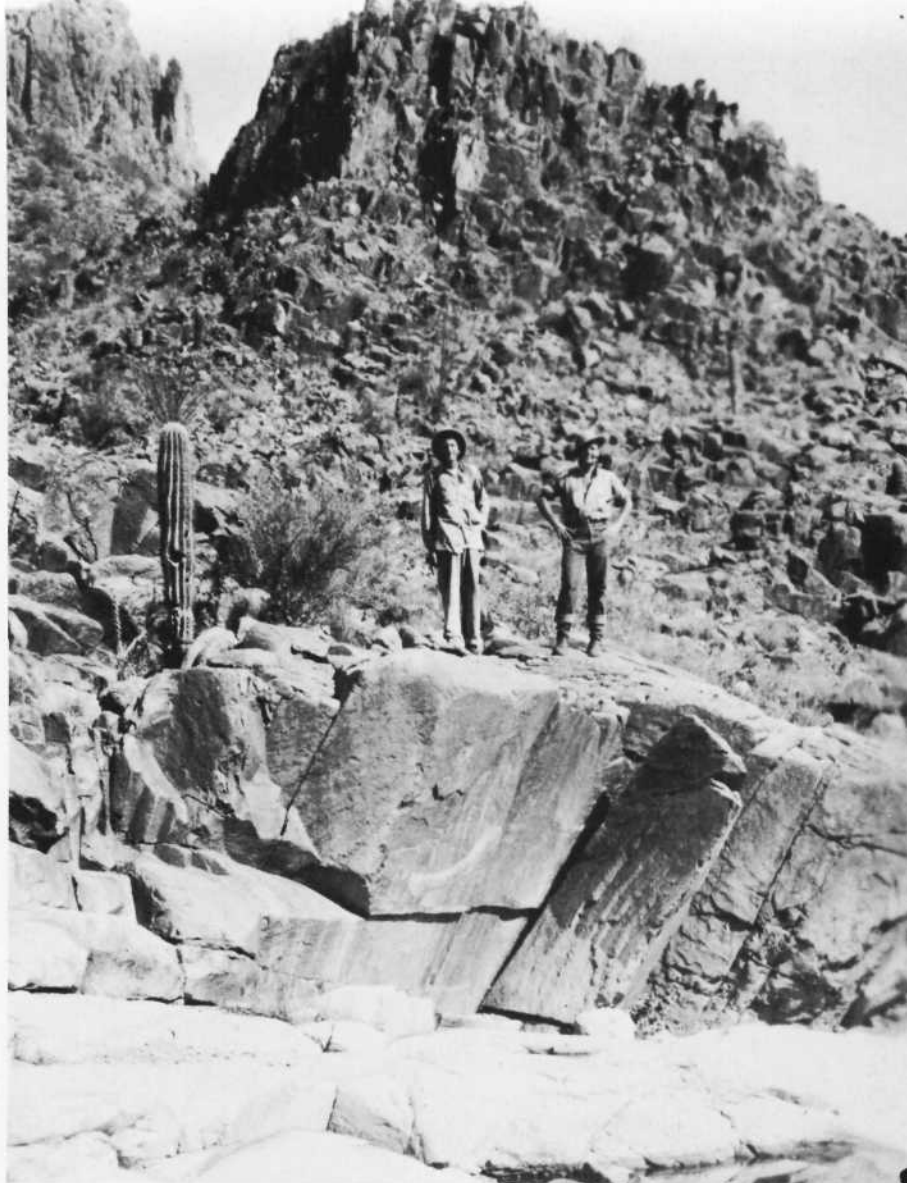
Mine was a primitive old 'boxes and sticks' bug, and the blacktop of the station was a poor place to demonstrate but Little Red got the idea quick, and he kept mumbling "Pretty good! It just might work!"

A couple of trucks rolled in about then, so it was a cup and a half later before I found out what it was that "just might work." At least the office was warm and I could phone my wife that I would be late getting home. My excuse that I had cut another trail didn't go over



The author (right) first searched for the Apache cave in 1948. Despite repeated attempts, he failed to find the cache.

There was once a post office (below) at Copper Creek, about 10 miles east of Mammoth, Arizona.



so hot, but I persisted. I could begin to smell a money lead, and the old coyote instinct was riffling the hairs on the back of my neck.

I seem to host a restless imp who bothers me. A Mexican companero once accused me of being two parts coyote—"you're always nosing around, whether you are hungry or not!"

When we were alone, Little Red looked me right in the eye and asked. "How far can you be trusted?"

The question caught me off guard—and it irked my Irish—so I quipped, "About as far as you can shoot with that south paw of yours!"

He gave me a funny look, but the answer seemed to satisfy him, so we shook left hands on a 60-to-me and a 40-to-him cut. This is the story he told me.

He said that when he was a young buck his size and rough and tumble re-

putation helped to get him a job as a deputy sheriff in the Tucson area.

Late one night he and a city cop got a call to a tequila tavern trouble spot near the city limits. A wingding Mexican drunken brawl and knifing spree had been in progress, and the loser appeared dead for sure as "no live punk could have lost that much blood." The winner was cut up some and too dazed to make a fast getaway, so the handcuffing and shackling was prompt and effective. Then the officers turned to temporary patching and blood stoppage until the ambulance came.

About dawn Little Red was in the office completing his night report, when a wrinkled little old Indian squaw came in. She said she had heard about the fight, and that his prisoner was her son. She said that she had been widowed, and married his Mexican father late in life. That the "pox" had caused her husband's

Continued on page 38

Baja's



ACROSS THE dry sands of Laguna Salada, up a rocky arroyo and under the pinnacle of the Madonna is where you will find Canyon de Guadalupe, one of the most beautiful and restful areas in Northern Mexico.

Only a short distance from California, this back country trip starts on a dirt road leading south from Mexico Route 2, approximately 17 miles east of the Cal-exico-Mexicali border crossing. The road goes south through Laguna Salada and to the west can be seen the Sierra Juarez Mountains.

Laguna Salada is a vast expanse of sand marked with a number of confusing trails and tracks. Evidently, once an arm of the Gulf of California, there is a legend that a ship of the early Spanish explorers ran aground in the area. Loaded with pearls and other valuables, the ship

is said to be buried under the drifting sands. Today, most of the travelers across the Laguna are woodcutters on their way from Mexicali to the slopes of the Sierra Juarez.

About 30 miles from paved Mexico Route 2, the dirt road branches, the route to the canyon going west (right) toward the mountains. From this point the road is rougher, but still passable with a passenger car.

After you turn west, the Virgin's Pinnacle becomes your guide. It stands out high above the wall of the Sierras. In the rising or setting sun, it catches the light when the mountain sides are shrouded in darkness. At those hours the imaginative observer can easily see the spire's resemblance to a standing woman.

About three miles up the arroyo, the tops of fan palms begin to appear. More



than a thousand of these stately trees shade the campgrounds and line the canyon floor.

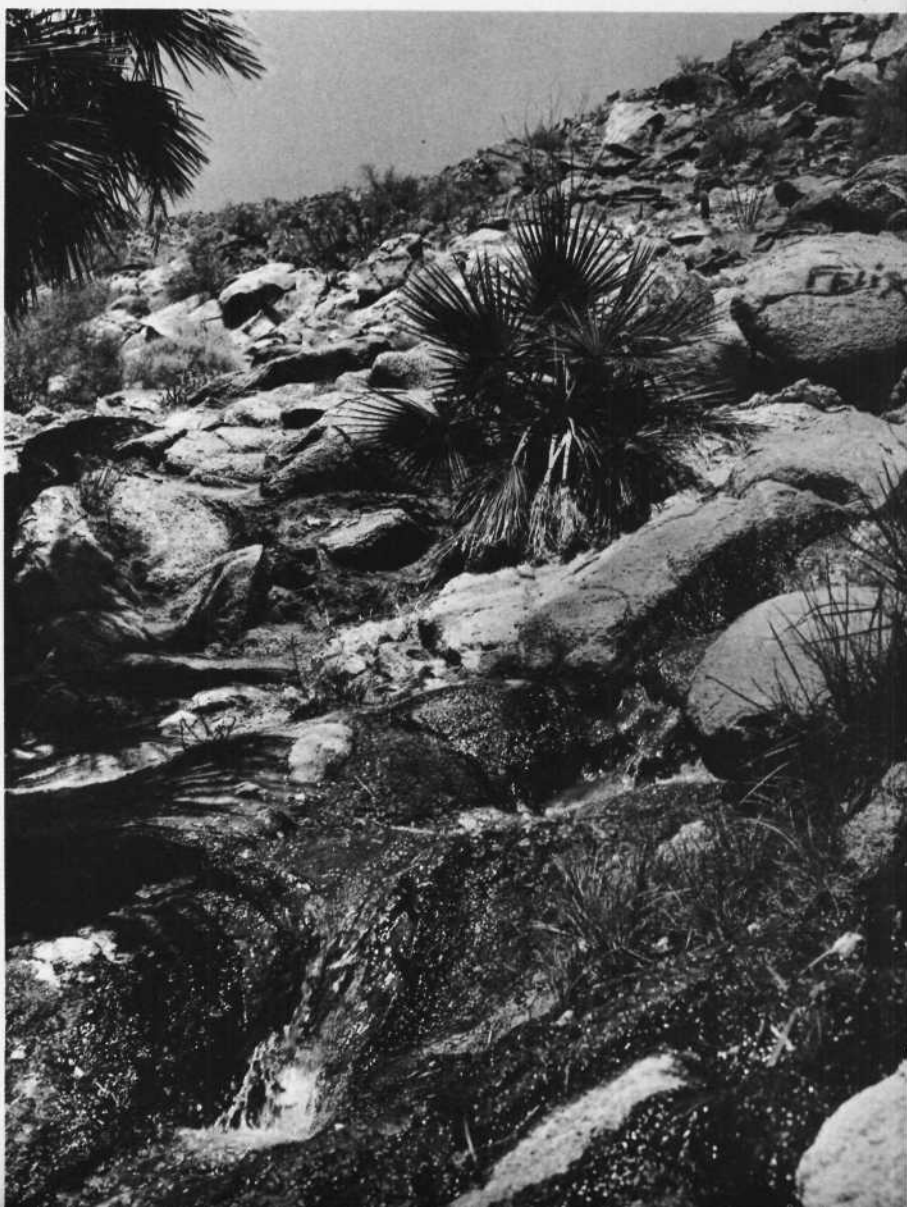
The best camping area is on a plateau above the canyon floor. At one end of the plateau, hot springs surge out from the rocky wall. Close to the source, there is an odor of sulphur and the spring water is too hot to touch. A short distance downstream, palm frond huts have been built to shade two shallow concrete

Canyon de Guadalupe

by Sherilyn Menten



*Ideal camps may be set up
(upper left) under the
many palm trees. A view
from the camping area
(above) to a large grove
of fan palms on the
opposite side of the canyon.
Source of one of the
hot springs (right) which
water the canyon.*



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Matthew Mentes checks the temperature of the water at the swimming lake.

Mexicans, too, seem to like to paint their names on boulders, as seen in background.

tubs. By the time the water reaches the tubs, it has cooled somewhat and has lost its fragrance. Hot, clean water swirls through the tubs constantly. The bather receives a gentle massage which does wonders for tired, aching muscles.

Near the entrance to the campground, there is a large pool deep enough for swimming. By the time the stream reaches this pool, it has cooled to about body temperature. Bright green reeds grow around the pool and palm trees shade it. Mica on the sand bottom glitters in the sunlight that filters through the clear water. As you float in the warm water under the blue sky, the hot dusty desert seems far away.

After lying in the pool, you summon enough energy to explore the surrounding area. Below the camping area, on the canyon floor, there are several smaller



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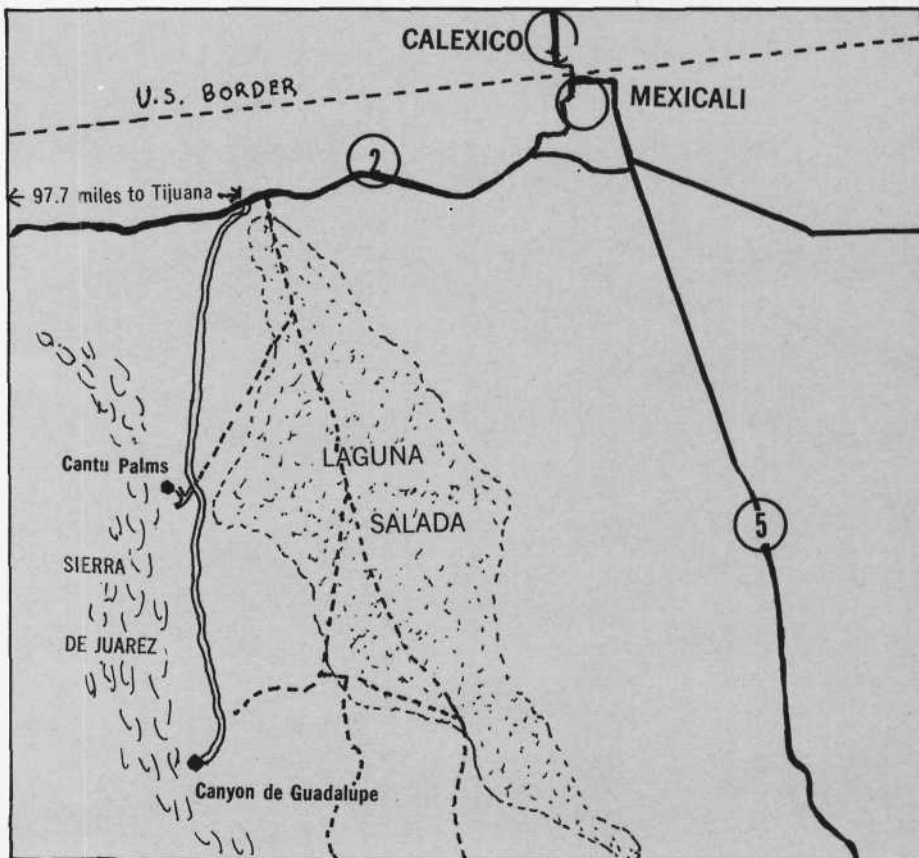
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Best time to visit Guadalupe is in the spring. DO NOT go during the rainy season. Passenger cars with high clearance can negotiate with caution.



springs. In the rainy season, a stream of cool water runs down from the mountains. Tall grass and reeds grow among the palms. At times they form an almost impassible barrier and the hiker must cut his way through.

Many years ago, Indians lived here. The Cucapas and the Pai Pais set up their camps under the fan palms. Bits of broken pottery and a few petroglyphs tell the tale of the primitive people who passed this way.

From one of Erle Stanley Gardner's books, *Mexico's Magic Square*, my husband and I had read a description of a beautiful waterfall up the canyon. We followed a faint trail along the canyon's rim until it disappeared among the boulders. Then, turning down into the canyon floor, we scrambled over the boulders and waded through the sand of the stream bed. About a mile and a half from the camp, we reached the Grotto of the White Madonna.

The pinnacle dominates the sky at one end of the small canyon. In the spring, a waterfall plunges down a sheer cliff into a deep clear pool. Unfortunately, we arrived during the dry season. We found only a trickle dropping into the

damp sand below. Above the waterfall, there is another pool surrounded by bushes and ferns. Beyond this the canyon becomes very steep and rocky. Only experienced and well equipped hikers should follow it farther.

Canyon de Guadalupe is privately owned. If the owner appears, he charges two dollars a car for the use of the area. We camped there for four days but did not see the owner. In the main campground, there is space for about 12 camps. The palms and the steep canyon walls shelter the area from the fierce desert sun and the springs furnish a never-ending supply of clean, hot water.

For many years around the turn of the century, Guadalupe was a favorite retreat for outlaws, both Mexican and American, who wished to stay out of sight of the authorities. Today, your neighbors will be of a tamer variety. Perhaps you will share the camp with a group of Mexicans who have come to do their laundry, or with Americans who crave the unusual but have only a week-end to spare. Or perhaps you will share with no one at all except the dark, darting swallows and the lazy, red dragonflies. □



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Desert Gardening

by Eric Johnson

APPLY HIGH nitrogen fertilizer to annual rye grass lawns to prevent slow down of growth. Mow regularly to encourage growth to fill voids. Reseed bare spots. Plant slow growing ground covers such as carpet bugle (*Ajugo reptans*), rosemary, pyracantha (prostrate type), and junipers during the cool months to get plants established. Root growth develops most favorably during this period, and top growth accelerates quickly in early spring.

Ask your nurseryman about some of the reliable and safe weed killers that help control annual grasses and broad-leaf weeds. Several work best as pre-emergent materials to control seeds. They are usually safe enough to apply to new as well as old plantings. In open areas,

knock-down oil sprays are most practical and economical. Most important is to control weeds before they become too large.

Prevent gummosis problems at the base of citrus trees in heavy or slow drainage soils by removing excess soil or mulch materials around the base of the tree to several inches below the bud union. Scaly bark and a flow of gum are sure evidence. Make new basins for trees in all citrus areas and extend watering area to a point that fits the diameter of the tree.

Cut back chrysanthemum plants that have completed their bloom to within six inches of the ground. Mulch with a composted manure to encourage an increase of growth for fresh divisions for transplanting next spring.

Start developing a herb garden to help add more zest to your cooking and drinks. Locate in a partial shaded area on the east exposure for morning sun or filtered shade of a tree. Plant only in a well drained soil, in raised beds, in containers, as border plants in your vegetable garden. Begin your collection by planting seeds in small flats or pots and later transferring them to a permanent location.

Nurseries carry a wide assortment in small pots, flats, and in gallon can size containers. Here are a few: Lemon Balm, Burnet, catnip, sweet marjoram, oregano, sage, and mints so flavorful in beverages, salads, meat dishes, or soups.

Repeat your fertilizing program started on rose plantings last month. Complete all rose pruning in low elevation areas by the end of February. In high elevation areas you may have another month to get the job done.

Begin deep watering program on citrus trees by filling basin at least twice at each watering. Remake basin to fit the diameter of the tree and build ridges around the basin at least six to twelve inches high. During March increase watering to at least once every eight to ten days. Citrus trees located in lawns cannot survive on lawn watering alone, use deep soak method every eight to ten days.

Make an application of completely balanced citrus fertilizer early this month if you missed last month to help trees set their blossoms.

In high elevation gardens you still have time to transplant deciduous and hardy evergreen plants which may require moving to different locations due to changes in your garden layout. Remove as large a root ball as you can manage. Use Vitamin B1 to help reduce transplanting shock. Remove about one third of the inside growth to create a balance between roots lost by digging. Water in thoroughly immediately after transplanting.

Continue to plant deciduous shade and fruit trees, grapes, berry plants, lilacs, roses, and flower-deciduous plants while in their dormant stage in high elevation gardens.

Hold off on the pruning of frost-damaged subtropical and tropical plants until new growth develops during the next two months. At that time you can readily determine where cuts are to be made behind the frozen parts of the plant. Watch the water needs of frost-damaged plants due to the reduced foliage and stem pattern. Increase only as plants show recovery and temperatures increase. □



Red Cascade petunias in a border adjacent to street provides colorful setting for graceful Yucca. Home is in Palm Springs with San Jacinto Mountain in background. Photo courtesy Neel's Nursery.

BLACK JAIDE

by
Al Penton



White slash of the abandoned verde antique marble quarry is the identification mark for mountain where the author is searching for black jade.

SOMETIMES when I set out to return to a locale in the desert, I feel as though I am cheating myself. In these instances I am almost overwhelmed by the vastness of the California deserts and am compelled to visit as many different places as possible.

When I do return to a particular area, I am usually gratified by a feeling of familiarity—that the area is an old friend. Often, however, these "old friends" will surprise you with a previously undiscovered characteristic or new finding. Such was the case with an area that I have often visited.

North of Victorville, and about 10 miles northeast on Stoddard Wells road, is a single, small mountain. This particular mountain is easy to spot because of a light-colored slash about three-quarters of the way up and directly below the peak. The slash is a dump below a long-abandoned marble quarry. The marble in the quarry is commonly referred to as verde antique, a serpentized marble in various colors.

These color include chartreuse, sea-green, and brown or beige. It was to collect specimens of this beautiful marble that I first visited the mountain. It also, however, is an appealing, and seldom visited high desert area for camping. The beauty of the sun setting over Cajon Pass in itself makes the trip worthwhile.

After our initial visit to the verde antique quarry, my two partners in the excursion returned on a weekend on which I was unable to accompany them. They

had most interesting encounter. Leaving the mountain in their jeep they gave a ride to two rockhounds who were laboring under heavy sack loads. They had come down the mountain from above the quarry. As a token of appreciation the two gave my friends a rather ordinary hunk of rock. Later they had the rock cut and polished and found it to be a nice specimen of black jade.

Anxious to find the source of the black jade, my friends and I returned to the mountain a short time later. We were confident of success because the mountain is relatively small and we believed the black jade to be located somewhere above the marble quarry. As it turned out, we had very little luck in our search.

We found two or three locations where there had been digging, with one pit about 10 feet deep. Obviously a considerable quantity of something had been removed. The diggings were into a grey, chalky, soft rock, with no evidence of the black jade. Surrounding these areas was an abundance of loose dark green actinolite. The actinolite there and at various other nearby locations was of typical needle-like or fibrous structure.

It is apparent that the diggings we investigated do not merit further effort. However, we plan to return to the mountain to probe new locations or to explore the theory that possibly the most productive locations could be hidden by having been purposely filled with some of the loose surface actinolite.

To improve our chances of success on

future trips and to anyone else that may visit the "black jade mountain," some interesting facts were learned as the result of a research study. The abundance of actinolite present on the mountain indicates the black jade found there is of the closely related amphibole or nephritic variety, as opposed to jadeite, a pyroxene, which is the only other mineral that can rightfully be called jade.

Nephrite jade is found in many colors and shades, including black and very dark green. Black jade is caused by high concentrations of free oxides of manganese and magnetite (iron oxide). As a clue to looking for the black jade, it is well to remember that nephrite is a metamorphic mineral that occurs at contact points between rocks of dissimilar character. It can occur as lenses, sheets, or nodules. Also, jade that has long been buried in earth may acquire a chalky or calcined appearance. Much of the rock that we observed on digging was of this same calcined or chalky appearance, even though it was not jade.

Jade has been highly prized for many centuries. Much of the artwork of the ancient Chinese is carved jade. The Aztec name for jade was chalchihuitl.

Of the various types of nephritic jade, the black variety is reputed to take the best polish, if it is of good quality. This is reason enough for a trip in search of the black jade, however, the reason I plan another trip is simply to achieve the satisfaction of just finding the elusive outcropping.

COLLECTING JUNK is one of man's oldest and strongest habits, so old that it has become, according to many psychiatrists, one of our basic instincts. This acquisitiveness (the socially polite term for greed) is a distinctive attribute of man, setting him apart from all the other animals except the packrat who also hoards everything in reach for no apparent reason.

It is an honorable custom. Ancient Chinese noblemen did it, the Egyptian Pharaohs did it, and illustrious first ladies of our own country have practiced it without shame. Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt called it "junk-snapping" and defined it as "the art of finding quaint and valuable things in junk heaps."

The best known junk collectors of today are the eastern artists, who carry their gleanings into the big-city museums and proudly hang them on walls and ceilings. Miraculously, an old car carcass or a pyramid of empty beer cans, when hung in this way, is transformed into an *objets d'art* of great value.

Junk collecting in the West is different. Out in the desert old cars mostly stay on the roads until they just fade away behind a sagebrush. Cow carcasses can be picked up but they don't hang together too well. Western junk is unique in other ways. First, it carries the aura of the most fabulous part of American history. Second, nowhere else is there the possibility that your bag might contain a pony express rider's pony shoe, a hand-forged spike that held the rail that carried the train that hauled the "richest ore on earth," or a horn lost by a cow that stampeded over the body of "Little Joe, the Wrangler."

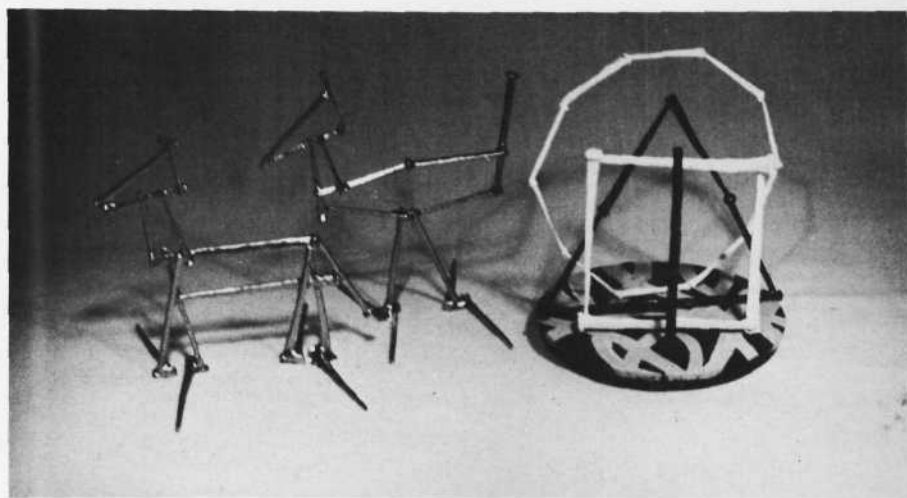
Third, and most important, desert junk is irreplaceable.

The supply of worn-out cars is inexhaustable, beer cans unlimited; but there will never again be square nails or purple glass or ox shoes. The last mule train has crossed the plains, Chinese coolies will never again dip any soy sauce from clay jugs around the old salt mills, and modern cows are deprived of their horns before they are hauled in cattle vans to the open range.

Desert junk collecting is legitimate and every visitor is entitled to at least one authentic souvenir of the old west. But too many of these souvenirs that are



Antique stove leg . . .



Square nails and stove lid . . .

DESERT SNUP

being carried away end up in trash cans because collectors don't treasure the trash they've collected. The desert is rapidly being stripped of one of its most valuable natural resources, and to no good purpose.

Bottles (empty ones) are scarce as hen's teeth already, pioneer wagon wheels are all in use as chandeliers or gates, and antique telephone insulators are a dollar apiece in gift stores. Western collectors will soon be down to commercial trash if something isn't done to bring the over-grazing to a halt.

The answer, we believe, lies in the formation of a "Society for the Preservation and Restoration of Irreplaceable Desert

Junk." The Society's motto would be "If You Take It Home—Hang It." And the one rule of the Society would be rigidly enforced, namely, if you find you can't use or convert your junk into something which can be hung or otherwise preserved for posterity you are obliged to return it to its original place. (This, I am sure, would be encouraged and supported by all tourist enterprises—think of all the return trips to vacation land this would entail.)

We must admit that in our day we have done our share of denuding the range, thoughtlessly. We didn't realize the seriousness of the situation until we went hunting in a favorite ghost town and found the old dump a plowed field.

JUNK PING

by Julia Craw



Corroded chain and pipe . . .



Evening primrose cages . . .

The shine of new beer cans obliterated the gleam of old glass. There wasn't a square nail or a doorknob in sight. Then and there we joined the SPRIDJ and adopted both its code and its rule without reservations. We were careful about what we carried home and we viewed our previous hoard with new respect.

When it came to living up to the motto to the hardest thing to visualize "hanging" was the pair of old cow horns. They were not the shiny, sleek kind you could put a polish on and set on your desk as a pen-holder. These were ruffled, rumpled, and decidedly "mossy," and certainly looked as though they might have been lost on the first trail herd. We al-

most decided to make a return trip and let Nature finish them. But, if Eastern curators could tolerate greasy motors, who were we to be queasy about such rare desert treasure?

A coat of paint, bright red, solved the problem and brought out a hidden beauty we hadn't dreamed they possessed. Artificial stamens and plastic leaves were added and the transformation of old cowhorns to "lilies" was as startling as the metamorphosis of an obsolete car chassis into art.

After the horns other junk came easily. Chain links from an old borax mill, welded together by rust and chemical corrosion, and twisted by Nature into

weird "birds," needed nothing but a perch and marble eyes.

The leg from an old wood-burning cookstove, quite obviously pregnant, was a natural for an Indian fertility goddess. With her sacred corn-stalk (broken bottle glass) headdress and red (glass) jewels she graces a bookshelf with authentic charm.

Driftwood, found in dry lakes and sand dunes and old mill works, needs little embellishment. The twisted roots and deeply grooved boards are already sculptured—modernistic art turned out by the oldest artists in the world—wind and weather.

Square nails, cemented end to end, planned or haphazard, take interesting shapes. If the form which evolves can be named it is "realism"—if it cannot, it is "abstractionism"—art in any case.

Even the dry desert weeds are tempting to collectors. The evening primrose (*Oenothera deltoides*), is a spring show-off with its circular bouquets of white and pink flowers. In the fall the curved and brittle stems of the plant form a cage, which suggested the common name of "lion-in-a-cage." We preferred a "bird" in the cage (gilded) and created one from more desert trash—a worm gall from a nearby cotton thorn bush and feathers dropped by an obliging desert wren—all in the line of conservation.

Being forced by the code of the Society for the Preservation and Restoration of Irreplaceable Desert Junk to turn our finds into something useful and/or artistic has made desert junk collecting doubly interesting. Now, added to the fun of discovery, is the thrill of bringing out the "quaint and valuable." And, following the Rule of the Society, we have returned them to their place of origin.

The funny thing about this is that, whenever we take an unusable item back, we invariably discover a number of "better" ones that we had overlooked on the first trip—trash that definitely needs treasuring. □

For additional ideas on what to do with desert "junk" see Joleen Robison's Woman's Viewpoint on Page 42 of this issue.

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PINACATE, COLOR IT GONE

Continued from page 11

In a letter to the San Bernardino Times in 1882, a writer stated: "I seldom see the name Pinacate in print, you need not call me crazy when I say that the near future will reveal the fact that this will be equal, if not the best, mineral district in Southern California." Two years later Wells Fargo & Co. agents reported that one mining company in the district was making regular shipments of bullion averaging \$5000 to \$6000 per month.

A discovery near the southwestern end of Lake Mathews, just south of Cojalco Road, marked the earliest signs of formal mining activity in the area.

The original and most important discovery of tin in California was the Temescal Tin Mines at Cajalco Hill about 1853. With the beginning of the Civil War, exploration of these mines was stopped but

was later resumed again in 1868. In 1869, approximately 15 tons of ore were shipped to San Francisco. Operations again slowed until 1891 and 1892 when there was a brief flurry of activity. Overall, a total of nearly 130 long tons of tin ore had been produced in Riverside County and apparently all of it has come from this valuable ledge.

The story of the Good Hope Mine, which produced approximately \$2,000,000 of gold, began about 1874 when the vein was first discovered by Mexican placer miners. The Mexicans, working with their crude arrastras, left behind nearly as much gold as they were able to carry away. They barely managed a meager existence. In 1881, Col. John Lawshe and Hugh White bought the Good Hope and other mines from the Mexicans for \$9000.



Built in 1892, this permanent railroad station at Perris marked the beginning of the end of Pinacate as a railroad community.

In March of 1881, the San Diego Union reported of these mines: "One man can average one ton a day of \$600 rock and no blasting needed." In April, only a month later, The Good Hope Company reported \$40,000 worth of ore in sight. By mid-summer, while other discoveries were being made in the north of the district, it was reported that a steam hoisting works was being installed at the Good Hope Mine and that soon there would be constructed a mill for crushing the ore.

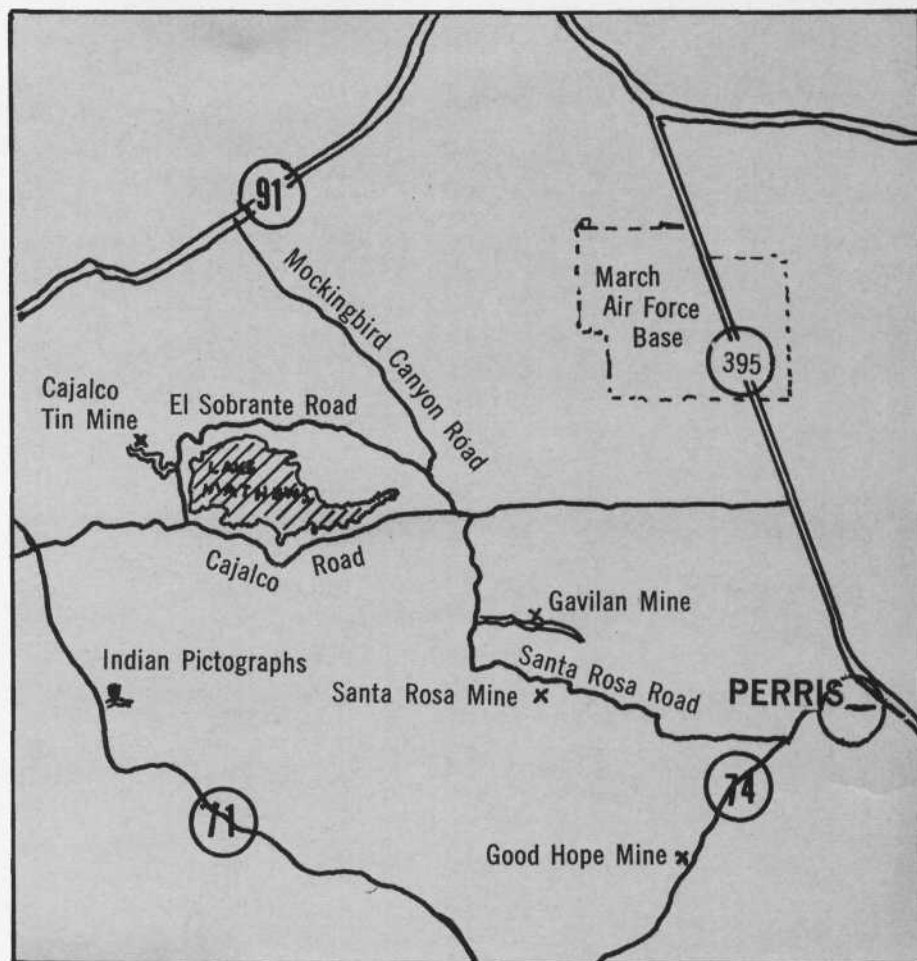
In February of 1882, the new mill was in full operation. The San Diego Union reported that a cleanup of ten days run at the mill had produced for the owners a "slug of gold that weighed between four and five pounds, worth about \$1200." A second cleanup was expected soon to yield another nine or ten pounds of gold. The new mill was crushing at the rate of 12 to 14 tons per day. By April, the mines were reported to be producing from \$8000 to \$10,000 of gold per month.

Four months later, in June, a correspondent for the San Diego Union reported: "We went to the celebrated Pinacate gold mines. Here we found a five-stamp mill running night and day, and another ready to start up; and still another being built near the railroad track. The mill now running is about one mile from the railroad track. Several arrastras are at work crushing ore and all are doing well."

Today the mines and mills are silent. The old works at the Good Hope Mine may be found on a low hill a few yards north of State 74 and about a mile east of Meadowbrook.

A new wave of excitement flooded through San Diego and San Bernardino when, early 1883, Mr. M. Cheney announced his discovery of a coal ledge near the Pinacate gold mines. It did not take long for the business men of the two cities to realize what this find would mean for local manufacturing. Reporting on the new Cheney Coal Mines in April, 1883, the San Diego Union stated: "They have men at work developing the mine, and the quality of the coal improves daily. The proprietors of the mines are now certain they possess one of the best properties on the Pacific Coast."

The Cheney mines, which are located



Most ghost towns can only be reached by back-country vehicles. The Pinacate area, south of Riverside, can easily be visited by passenger cars on paved roads. Other places of historical interest are also in the area.

on the site of the present Pacific Clay Products Alberhill Mines, were originally worked with hand tools. The coal was put into sacks underground and then hauled to the railroad. What wasn't used at the Pinacate mills and in San Bernardino, was shipped to Los Angeles. Production records of these mines during their most active period between 1883 and 1894 are unknown. Between 1894 and 1902, Riverside County produced over 51,000 tons of coal; most of it was reported to have come from these mines.

By the end of 1883, increased interest in the mineral wealth of the Pinacate area had been generated by new discoveries. A ledge of tin ore, which was described as an extension of the famous Temescal Tin Ledge, was located within a mile of Pinacate station; nearby there was reported to be a six foot ledge of asbestos.

While the mines continued to be worked and new prospects were sought, some of the miners and many of the newcomers to the area were gradually turning to agri-

cultural pursuits. The day of the small miner in Pinacate was over. New gold mines being discovered by Mexican prospectors were being bought up and consolidated by American capital and heavy machinery was brought in to work them.

Late in 1885, a dispute arose over the ownership of most of the land on which Pinacate was built. A few residents of the valley proposed a new townsite two miles north. An agreement was negotiated with the California Southern Railroad and a permanent new station was built in the center of the new town site. This town, which had been surveyed into lots in January, 1886, is today known as Perris.

In April, the railroad company removed their switching track and box car station from Pinacate. One by one, the occupants of the mining town picked up their possessions and resettled in Perris and elsewhere. Gradually the old town of Pinacate faded from sight and today is only in the pages of history.

Amble up to Anza

by Jack Delaney

AN ELDERLY Indian woman, well known and appreciated in the Anza area of Southern California, revisited the place of her birth recently. The actual location was in one of the rocky caves on what was the Cahuilla Indian Reservation many years ago. She requested a friend to take her picture in the cave, but just before the button was pressed she called out, "Wait!" She then proceeded to let her hair down over her shoulders.

Her explanation later was, "I didn't want to look too civilized in the picture!"

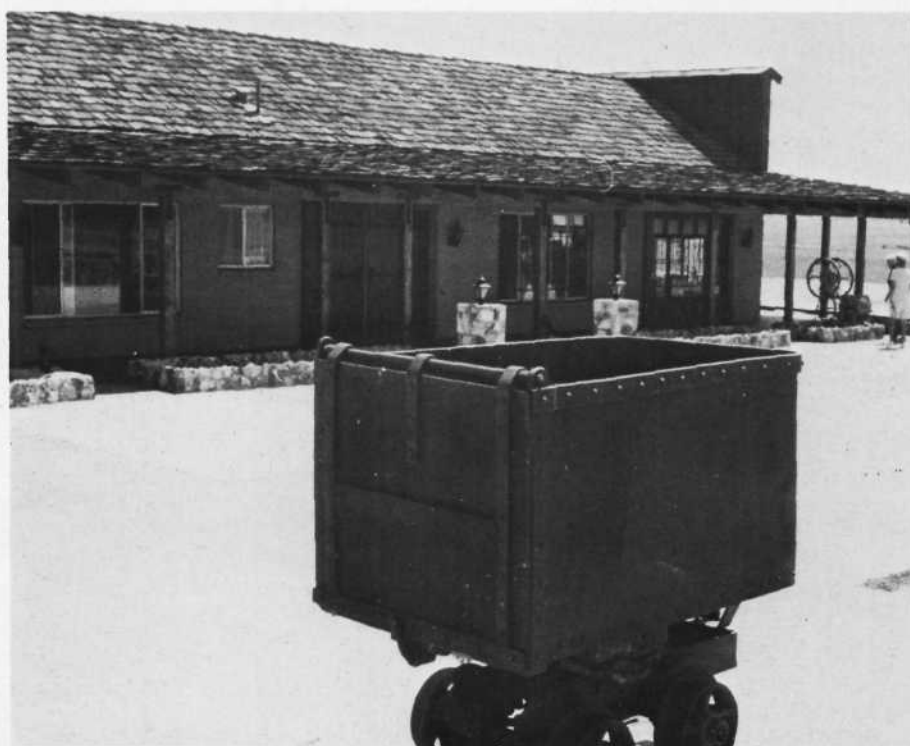
The Indian is Mrs. Cinciana Lubo who is related to the original *Ramona*, immortalized by Helen Hunt Jackson in her famous book on the poignant love story of the beautiful maiden and her Indian hero, Allesandro. The friend who took the picture was Violet Cary who, with her husband Arthur, is the present owner of the historic site. They purchased it in 1938 from Fred Clark, a great

friend of the Indians of the Cahuilla tribe, who had acquired the land early in the 1900s.

It was through this valley the famous Spanish explorer, Juan Bautista de Anza, proceeded in 1774, seeking a land route between Mexico and Monterey and again in 1775 when he successfully conducted 240 colonists to San Jose and San Francisco. The area is known as Coyote Creek, but was named San Carlos Pass by the Anza party. It is located a few miles southeast of the community of Anza, near the small settlement of Terwilliger, in Riverside County.

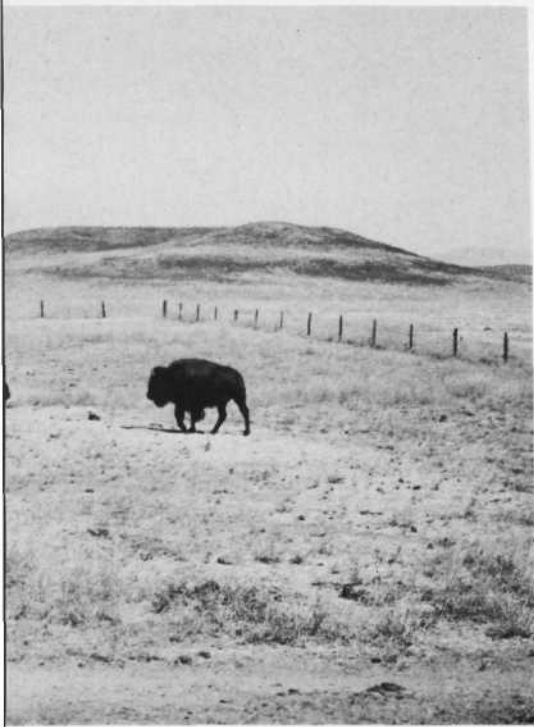
Upon entering the valley on his first trip, Anza called for a stopover of a few days. He knew there are situations where nature is stronger than man—one of the female members of his group had the urge to bear a child! The newborn baby's first impression of this world must have been favorable because she was born under a beautiful tree in San Carlos Pass on the Cary ranch. Beside it is a rock monument with a plaque commemorating the two expeditions of Captain Anza.

The plaque reads: "On March 16, 1774 Juan Bautista de Anza, Indian fighter, explorer, and colonizer, led



*A museum and trading post
being developed in the
business district.*

*First there was four
and now there are more—
buffalo that is!*



through this pass (named by him San Carlos) the first white explorer to cross the mountains into California. The party traveled from Tubac, Arizona to Monterey, California. On December 27, 1775 on a second expedition into California, Anza led through this pass the party of Spaniards from Sonora, Mexico who became founders of San Francisco."

To the rear of the Cary home is the former Cahuilla Reservation — a rocky hill section with a number of reminders of the past. Here are caves with ceilings smoke-covered from the old Indian barbecues, and petroglyphs still discernible; a lookout tower of rock, where the people-watchers appointed by the tribe detected approaching travelers and ruled in advance whether to greet them with a friendly "How" or a sharp-pointed artifact on the end of a stick; and an ancient burial ground in which their loved ones were laid to rest.

To reach this interesting place from Palm Desert in the Coachella Valley area, drive up State 74 to its junction with the San Diego highway. Turn left onto Highway 71 for a few miles to the town of Anza. Near the entrance to Anza, turn left onto Kirby Road and drive a few

miles southeast. After passing a swank thoroughbred horse ranch (owned by Don Drysdale and Mrs. Upton — the "Redwood Queen") turn left at Coyote Canyon Road, and drive a mile or two to the Cary ranch. It is the first home to the right along this road.

This is private property so it is imperative that you drive to the home, upon entering the property, and ask permission to snoop around the grounds. If you have a true interest in the importance of the area, you'll be welcomed and will be free to explore the premises and photograph interesting points if you wish. The winds of time have swept along this trail of Juan Bautista de Anza, erasing many of the sights he saw and appreciated. However, you'll find that a part of the true American heritage and romance remains here, for you to see and appreciate.

The community of Anza consists of a main street (Highway 71) with a number of stores, a couple of eating places, several real estate offices, a museum and trading post (being completed), and a 35-acre modern mobile home park being developed in the center of town. About a thousand residents who populate the

area are scattered around the valley in various scenic spots. Anza Valley is framed by the towering Santa Rosa Mountains on the east and the San Jacintos on the north—it is truly a setting of peaceful, quiet beauty. At an elevation of 4000 feet, the climate is mild and pleasant.

In addition to thoroughbred horses mentioned above, ranchers in the valley raise cattle, turkeys, chickens, chinchillas, and buffalo! A well-known resident rancher, Jim Minor, who operates a potato and cattle spread six miles west of the business district, along Highway 71, acquired four buffalo several years ago—just for fun! Now he has a dozen and faces the problem of what to do with them. They are in a large field between the highway and a lake on his property, and can be seen while driving west, to the right of the road.

Anza is only a small piece of Southern California, but it offers a large portion of rural attractiveness. You'll delight in the hundreds of acres of commercially grown gladoli around August and September. During May and June, the wildflower season comes in with a riot of color. These "special guests" arrive dressed in their most gorgeous blooms accentuated by green accessories—the accepted apparel in the world of nature! Be sure to bring your camera. You'll find ample picture subjects when you amble up to Anza. □



*Spanish explorer
Juan Bautista de Anza
passed through the area
in 1774.*

APACHE BAD MEDICINE

Continued from page 25

death and that of her other child, and now this son was all the family she had left. Fingering her crucifix, she tearfully offered the deputy her house and all of what little else she had if only he would save her son who "was really a good boy, but just got drunk up a little."

Little Red patiently explained that the matter was now out of his hands and that if the knifing victim died the district attorney would certainly file a murder charge. To ease the little old woman's heartache he promised, "Don't worry Tia mia, I'll see that your boy gets fair treatment in jail—that's about all I can do!"

To everybody's surprise the man in the hospital recovered and refused to file charges against the squaw's son. After all, they were drinking buddies and the girl concerned "wasn't worth causing real trouble about." In due time the victim was released from the hospital, and his attacker was let out of jail.

About a week later Little Red was on night desk duty when the squaw showed up—laden with a large basketwork tray piled high with homemade sweetmeats and covered with a beautifully hand worked napkin; her down payment of gratitude for "saving the life" of her son.

In spite of his protests, she was convinced her good fortune was the direct result of the efforts of "the big red sheriff." To top it off she assured him she now knew that he, too, like her son, was a "real good boy!"

After poking around and opening doors to be sure they were alone, she re-



Author's son uses a metal detector to "bug" around some ruins about three miles above the Copper Creek ghost town.

turned to the desk and said, "I got no much money to give you; but I know something that maybe-so I betcha you make money outta!"

Little Red said that the gist of her pointing, gestures, and broken talk summed up thusly:

When she was a little girl, "just big enough to run good and remember a lot," a bunch of her tribe were coming

back from visiting the Chiricahua branch (she was an Arivaipa Apache); and were camped at a little spring in a wash three or four miles east-northeast of the present town of Mammoth, Arizona on the San Pedro River.

Just after sundown they saw dust, then a small detachment of cavalry making camp at some "rock walls" about a half mile west of their spring. The young buck hotheads were still full of war talk and "Chiricahua courage" from a recent peyote party—and were the leaders in the predawn attack on the troopers.

How they could get close enough for a successful charge without a horse snorting is hard to understand, but she claimed the fight was bloody, brief and final. She said they killed 16 troopers but didn't take any scalps.

They did, however, strip the bodies and rounded up all the horses, loading them with everything that caught their fancy or that they thought could be used to wear, eat or swap. The loot included two small, locked, heavy wooden boxes

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they thought were full of ammunition. They were much too close to the Arivaipa camp to risk going directly there and bring trouble to the main tribe so a wide looping circle, to throw off possible avenging pursuit, was decided upon.

She said they traveled due east until the sun was straight up and then stopped in a deep canyon with lots of trees. They built a smokeless dry-wood fire, killed one of the horses that had been hit by a stray bullet and was lagging, and cut meat from the animal to broil.

Hidden by brush near this stop was a big cave.

By the sobering light of midday, the leader began to have some misgivings about the wisdom of their early morning fun fight. Somewhere he had had impressed on him the prompt .44 caliber slug penalty for any Indian caught with anything stamped or branded "U.S."—particularly in the wake of a killing! (War surplus was a later refinement of white civilization.)

That "U.S." sign was BAD MEDICINE for sure! So he laid down the law and ordered a strict and careful resorting of loot.

Horses with an old or faint U. S. brand had it altered with a red-hot saber tip; the others turned loose. The corners of the blankets were cut off, the back skirts of the saddles were burned or cut, and everything else tainted with the evil-eye "U.S." sign was heaped into a pile. The boxes were broken open. Amid groans of disappointment, gold coins came spilling out instead of ammunition.

All the rejected loot, including the gold coins, was taken to the back of the cave, and buried in a big deep hole. (Since digging tools were not likely, it could have been some kind of fissure.)

The band then continued northeasterly to the Gila near Ft. Thomas, swung down river to visit their San Carlos area cousins, and finally headed back to the San Pedro stomping grounds, confident that they were not suspect.

The old squaw told Little Red that all this happened "a couple or three or four" years before the massacre near Camp Grant that wiped out her people. She claimed she was one of the few survivors. She said she had kept all this in her heart for a life time, and that he was the first white man to hear it.



Indian writings are found in a cave about eight miles from the massacre site.

Little Red told me he had hunted for the cave on horseback a couple of times, but "have been too broke or crippled to do a decent job—and I didn't have one of those buzzer dinkuses to help."

He said that he had written to the U.S. War Department and that he was told that there indeed had been a killing of troopers in that area, that they were carrying an Army payroll of \$20,000, but that 17—not 16 men—had been butchered and urgently requested any additional information he might have on the incident.

I was all Gung-ho after I heard this, but new-father costs and responsibilities made four or five weeks off out of the question. Before I left Blythe the radio was full of Hitler's "Vaterland uber Alles" hate and insanity. By the time I did have the money, the War was on and rationing had frozen most travel.

I, too, wrote to the War Department, requesting cavalry records verification, but the bureaucrat who answered from the War College Records Department said my information was "too vague." He said there had been many fights in the area, but if I knew the exact date, the close location, the troop letter bracket, name of the troop commander, company and division identification, etc., etc., etc., he would be happy to help me!

Eventually I made my first real try in '48, and again in '59 and in the winter of '64. In the spring of '67 I received a letter from my older son in the Navy (whose hitch was up) giving his arrival date home, and saying he wanted to "borrow" me and the truck-camper—and did I know any place where he could sit by a fire, "look at the stars, and listen to desert quiet—anywhere that was AT LEAST 300 miles from a d--- bosun's whistle!"

So together we really shook down Little Red's treasure locale.

The route up the canyon past the (relatively recent) ruins of Copper Creek ghost camp seems the logical trail of the Apaches. There are lots of trees and caves, and it's due east of Mammoth. Perhaps they knew another secret route, maybe they actually went northeasterly up Arivaipa Creek. Quien Sabe! The Galiuro Mountains are big and rough, so take an extra pair of boots and a big canteen.

Anyway, I couldn't find it, and Little Red (if his luck held) is probably tooling some big golden 22-wheeler along a pearly highway somewhere—using both hands!

If you find the RIGHT cave, listen for the soft ghostly sounds of "Taps" when you unearth that tarnished old cavalry bugle.

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• TREASURE FINDERS

MEMBERSHIP IN the oldest prospecting, treasure hunting organization is now open. Write to United Prospectors Inc., for applications. 5665 Park Crest Drive, San Jose, Calif. 95118

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FREE TREASURE GUIDE! Fact-filled collectors edition; send 50¢ for postage. Also request free literature on ultrasensitive, professional Fisher Detectors. Fisher Research, Dept. D-3, Palo Alto, California 94303.

FREE 128 page catalog on detectors, books and maps. General Electronic Detection Co., 16238 Lakewood Blvd., Bellflower, Calif. 90706.

GOLD, SILVER, RELICS! Located with powerful Detectron Metal Detectors. Free information. Terms. Detectron, Dept. D-3, Box 243, San Gabriel, Calif. 91778.

WHITE'S GOLDMASTER Metal-Mineral detectors. Sales and rentals. (Rental applies on purchase.) Terms or discount for cash. Bookman, 622 Orange, Redlands, Calif. 92373. Phone 793-6112, 10 a.m.—5 p.m. Closed Tuesdays.

GHOST TOWN EXPLORERS: Over 400 Mother Lode locations in "California Pioneer Towns," \$2.50 postpaid. Goldbug, Box 588-D, Alamo, Calif. 94507.

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Woman's Viewpoint



HAVE YOU ever been dumping? In case you've never heard that unusual expression before, here is a definition in typical dictionary style: the art of digging in abandoned dumps for memorabilia of the past. (Of course, the term dumping has not made Webster yet.)

The entire family can share the excitement of unearthing an ornate muffin tin or a bottle that reads "The Great Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-root Kidney, Liver, and Bladder Cure." In addition to the thrill of the discovery there's the added bonus that much of yesterday's trash is of value today. Before I get carried away describing how to convert resurrected junk into treasures, let me mention a bit about dumping.

If you want to go dumping, the first thing to do is select a site. Finding an unprospected spot where people disposed their trash over 50 years ago takes skill. A little research will pay off in the long run. Talk to old-timers, check maps, and read historical material for clues. Deciding where to dig can be half the fun!

After doing the research some visual clues will help pinpoint the right spot. Watch for purple glass, bottle tops that used a cork, and hand-soldered tin cans. Because of the arid climate, dumps in the West do not deteriorate nearly as fast as those in humid areas. But many old dumps have been covered over, either by natural causes or by direction from the city fathers. Here the clues are more obscure. Be suspicious of a smooth field close to town that has an overturned car

or a few huge tree stumps on it. If you see pieces of broken china and rusty metal objects poking out of the soil you've almost certainly found the town's original dump.

When it comes to the actual digging, a teenage son is handy to have because most of yesterday's trash is buried under at least a foot of top soil. Shoveling a dump takes various sized endeavors. Some dumpers simply scratch around with a stick, while avid collectors hire digging equipment at \$25.00 per hour to unearth caches buried up to 30 feet deep.

The soil should be systematically sorted with a rake or by hand to find its tiny treasures. Buttons, coins, and square nails are easy to miss. Put all the goodies in a box to ponder over later when you have more time.

Some items that you'd ordinarily toss aside can be used. For example, who would think of saving broken china? Yet it can be made into exquisite antique



Stained and broken antique doll heads can be restored to make new dolls as shown in photo of before and after.

looking jewelry. The delicate hand painted blossoms on old china can be easily cut around with a lapidary saw and glued in metal jewelry settings.

Small rusty metal parts should never be thrown away. Delightful mobiles can be made with tiny sprockets, coil springs, spikes, spoke wheels, and such. This intriguing suggestion comes from Mildred Detling of Oregon.

My favorite dumping treasures are old doll heads. Resurrected bisque or china doll heads can be restored into charming dolls that are irresistible to females of every age. The glazed shiny surface of china doll heads with molded and painted hair and eyes is often in good condition. The problem is their shoulders

are usually broken. The broken part can be built up with a mixture of about two part spackling powder to one part white glue and a little water. The mixture will harden in about an hour. The repair will never show under a high-necked old-fashioned dress. The body should be made from muslin stuffed with sawdust to make it look authentic.

A bisque doll head is more work to restore than a china doll head because the dull unglazed surface is usually stained badly. To be restored it must be sanded, repainted, and refired in a kiln. Bisque heads require eyes and wigs which can be purchased from doll hospitals or supply houses. Because old doll bodies for bisque heads are so scarce the heads can be put on plastic doll bodies. I hesitate to mention this because devoted doll collectors cringe at the thought. But after all, the body can be completely hidden with the right costumes.

Old bottles are the most sought after of all dumping treasures. Bottle collecting has become one of the West's fastest growing hobbies. If you decide to go dumping and get smitten with bottle fever you will want to know how to get old bottles clean. After trying the usual brushes and cleanser, try steam iron cleaner. It will often take old stains out when everything else has failed.

Many of you readers are probably old hands at dumping. We novices would love to hear about your techniques and the fun things you've unearthed.

Dumping is a unique pastime. What other sport is inexpensive, imparts knowledge, provides exercise, and can be enjoyed by every member of the family?

Before you go dumping, would you take a few minutes to jot down your favorite camping recipe for the May issue? Do you have a recipe for a supper cooked over hot coals in a dutch oven or aluminum foil? Or is your specialty a make-ahead casserole to warm up on a hibachi? Remember we are counting on a full page of recipes from you readers. Recipes must reach me by the end of February so that means you better take a minute right now before you forget. □

John A. Robison

Letters to the Editor

Letters requesting answers must include stamped self-addressed envelope.



No Esthetic Sense . . .

What a beautiful picture on the cover of the November issue—great contrasts in color. The building is a fascinating study of angles and shapes. But who was the ding-a-ling who added the air-cooler with complete lack of concern for esthetics?

DR. W. DEE MEDLEY,
Covina, Calif.

Editor's Note: The cover photograph referred to is the fabulous home in Death Valley of the late Death Valley Scotty who didn't mind the 120 degree summer heat.

Auto Club Maps . . .

The Automobile Club of Southern California have excellent maps of Southern California and Baja California they sell to their members. I can't get these maps. How about making an agreement with the A.C.S.C. to allow your readers to purchase these fine maps?

MAJOR E. B. WHITE,
Las Vegas, Nevada.

Editor's Note: Reader White is wrong on one count and right on another. The maps are not sold, but are free to members of the Automobile Club of Southern California. I have found them invaluable in exploring as they correctly pinpoint old mines, back country roads and ghost towns, plus being very accurate and kept up to date. Unfortunately, the Club cannot legally sell them to groups or individuals. However, regardless of whether you use the other services of the Club, I find the \$21 a year membership is in itself well worth the free maps. For information write to: Automobile Club of Southern California, 2601 South Figueroa Street, Los Angeles, Calif. Mention Desert Magazine when you do.

Where's Mr. Pegleg? . . .

Maybe I have missed an issue somewhere along the line, but what has happened to Mr. Pegleg?

FRANK WIGGINS,
San Diego, California.

Editor's Note: The last letter from our Mr. Pegleg was printed in the January 1969 issue. We have not heard from him since. We hope he is in good health and after reading this will communicate once again.

Permission A Must . . .

In your November, 1969 issue you ran part of an article written by me and first published in the Prospector's Club of Southern California *Treasure News*. I appreciate your using the article, but, unfortunately, in the editing you changed the meaning, giving the wrong impression that "digging, collecting or traveling over private property is a must." Hope you can set the record straight.

SALLY LINDMAN,
Anaheim, California.

Editor's Note: Two important words were left out of the sentence which should have read "PERMISSION FOR digging, collecting, or traveling over private property is a MUST."

More H.E.L.P. . . .

Last night I received my January, 1970 issue of *DESERT* and in *Letters to the Editor* I read of your plea for help for H.E.L.P. Enclosed herewith are complimentary labels for H.E.L.P.

Mr. Roy Laux of the Bear Gulch Rock Club, Inc., started us on the idea of Help several years ago and it was picked up by Al Keen of the Northwest Federation and for several years has been a program of the American Federation of Mineralogical Societies. As a matter of fact all six Federations subscribe



to H.E.L.P. Help Eliminate Litter Please.

If you are interested in securing more labels, this is the cost breakdown: 1,000—\$2.50; 500—\$1.25; 100—25¢.

If you have any questions or I can be of further service in helping spread the word of H.E.L.P., please do not hesitate to drop me a line.

MISS JUNE LANG,
CFMS 2nd Vice President
1763 West 38th Place
Los Angeles, Calif. 90062.

Editor's Note: The labels are white on green and are used to stick on envelopes and other mailing pieces. It's an excellent way to get our message of "Keep Our Deserts Clean" to other people.

Man's Viewpoint . . .

I enclose a check for two gift subscriptions. I enjoy your magazine very much, but lately I have a problem. My wife is almost miserable each month until *DESERT* arrives. As you can probably understand, I get to read it only after she reads each and every word. She especially enjoys "Woman's Viewpoint." Your January issue was great. Keep up the good work. When we get transferred back to California from Florida we will stop by your office.

JOHN KELLEY,
Miami, Florida.

Calendar of Western Events

This column is a public service and there is no charge for listing your event or meeting—so take advantage of the space by sending in your announcement. However, we must receive the information at least two months prior to the event. Be certain to furnish complete details.

FEBRUARY 28-MARCH 1, ANTIQUE BOTTLE CLUB OF ORANGE COUNTY annual show and sale, Retail Clerks Union Hall, 8530 Stanton, Buena Park, California. For information write Jim Sinsley, P. O. Box 10424, Santa Ana, Calif. 92711.

FEBRUARY 27-MARCH 8, IMPERIAL VALLEY GEM AND MINERAL SOCIETY'S 23rd annual show, Imperial County, California Mid-Winter Fair, El Centro, Calif. For information write Mrs. George Hoyt, 2202 Hartshorn Road, Holtville, Calif. 92250.

MARCH 7 & 8, MONROVIA ROCK-HOUNDS GEM & MINERAL SHOW, Masonic Temple, 204 West Foothill Blvd., Temple City, Calif. 91780.

MARCH 7 & 8, MOTHER LODGE MINERAL SOCIETY'S annual show, Davis High School, Modesto, Calif. Admission 50¢, children free.

MARCH 7 & 8, BISHOP ART SHOW AND SALE, Inyo-Mono National Bank, Bishop, Calif. Seventy-five Owens Valley artists.

MARCH 7 & 8, EIGHTH ANNUAL DESERT SAFARI sponsored by the Tierra Del Sol Four Wheel Drive Club of San Diego. Borrego Badlands of Imperial County. For 4-wheel-drive vehicles. Write TDS "Desert Safari", 5083 Conrad Ave., San Diego, Ca 92117.

MARCH 21 & 22, NEEDLES GEM AND MINERAL CLUB'S annual show, Needles High School. Field Trips. Write to P. O. Box 762, Needles, Calif. 92363.

MARCH 21-26, DESERT ART SHOW, Shoshone, Calif. Oils, water colors, photographs, jewelry, crafts. Write Box 44, Shoshone, Calif.

MARCH 27-29, FOUR WHEEL DRIVE JAMBOREE sponsored by Phoenix Jeep Club, Cave Creek area, trips, competition, games, etc., for families. Three dollars per vehicle. Write Phoenix Jeep Club, P. O. Box 168, Phoenix, Ariz. 85001.

MARCH 28, BARBED WIRE SHOW sponsored by the California Barbed Wire Collectors Association, Sunset Elementary School, 1000 N. California St., Coalinga, Calif. Free admission.



Good grief! Does this mean Snoopy's given up flying?

Brace yourself, America: Snoopy has taken up driving! Not just ordinary driving, either. Funmobile driving. In the Snoopy Funmobile. The in-between fun machine from Coot.

The Snoopy is an off-the-road sports vehicle that starts where the road stops.

Snoopy sprints up hills. Scrambles down sand dunes. Races across meadow, field, beach, light brush. (Snoopy gives its all!)

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